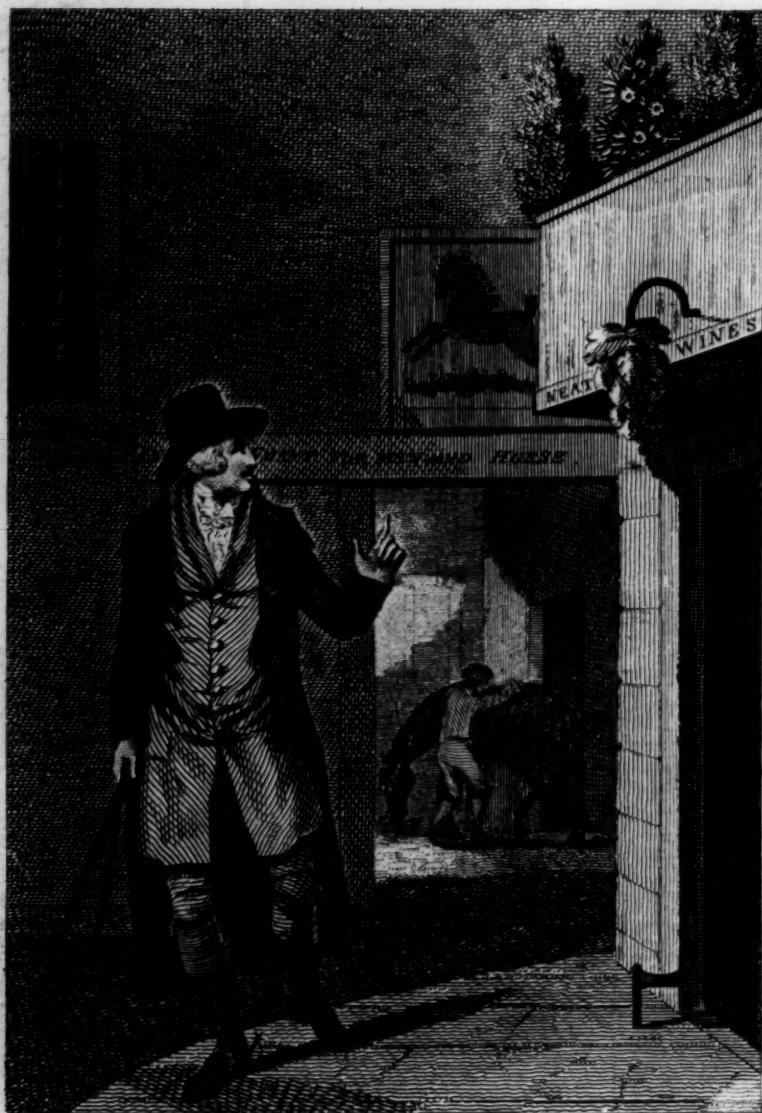
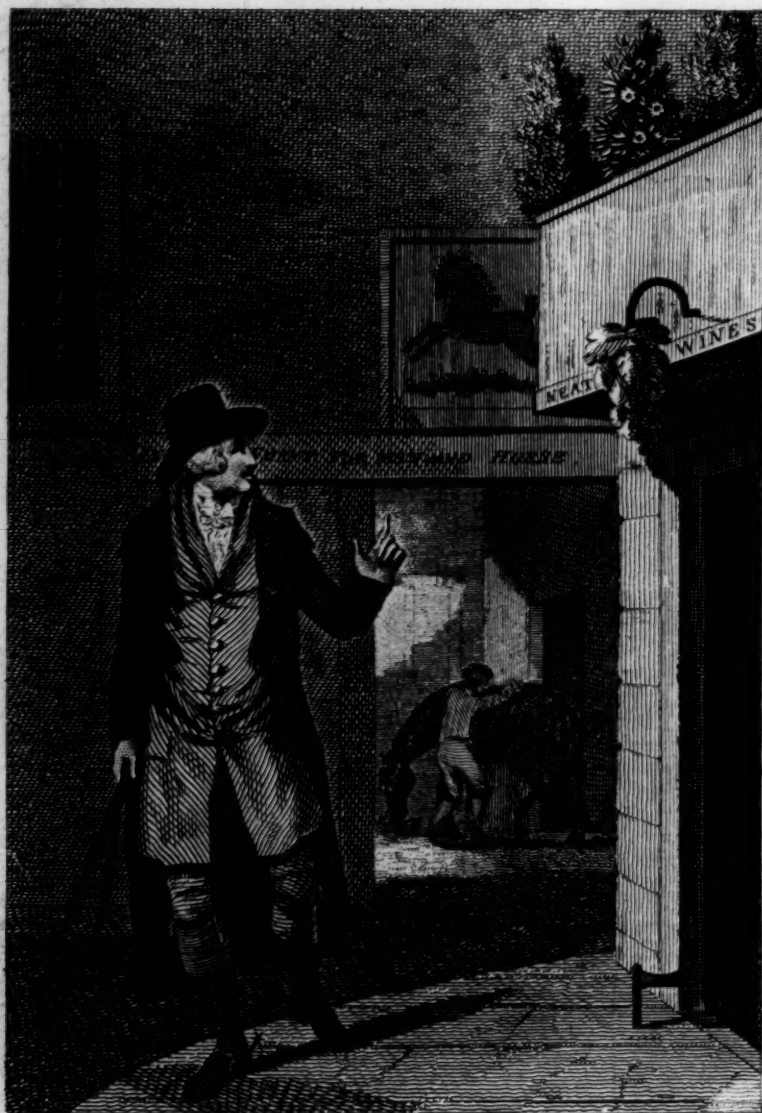




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 A weighty secret still remains behind
 The house which suits the circumstance, to find.

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Roach's (9)
LONDON POCKET PILOT,
or
STRANGER'S GUIDE
 through the metropolis

*By the directions of which all the advantages of
 this Great city are positively secured and every
 avoidable inconvenience & misfortune as positively
 prevented.*



*In which the Nobleman, Gentleman, Merchant,
 Tradesman, & Mechanic, will find necessary
 advice & admonition, and by the perusal of which,
 mankind in General will be benefitted.*

Viritas nihil veretur nisi abscondi.

LONDON Printed by & for J Roach, Russell Court, 1796. Price One Shilling.



INTRODUCTION.

IN an age, like the present, when disposition and ability so frequently unite, in the great and generous task of public utility and emendation, it appears a little extraordinary, that human knowledge is not more attentive, to what may be called practical information; that is to the most efficacious methods of PILOTING unwary, and unaccustomed strangers, through the dangerous rocks and shoals, and quicksands, with which the great ocean of the universe, but more especially, the municipal vortexes thereof, is, and are, surrounded and intersected—and, of conducting the adventurous and unskilful passenger safe to the various havens and ports where his bark may rest at anchor, with proper security and certain advantage.

To depart from the metaphor—lessons of abstract caution, though often presented to the public eye, with all the advantages of
A language

language and erudition, and though carrying with considerable degrees of effect, want, notwithstanding, that impressive weight of general comprehension, and recommendation, which invariably attaches to specific object, and incidents of illustration.

General observations, upon the vices and virtues of mankind, are no doubt read by those who have leisure, and the faculty of reflection, with concurrent satisfaction; but, the great bulk of human beings, who are not thus accommodated, and endowed, require something more, and the only advantage they can derive from precept, is, when that precept approaches as near as possible to example.

Nothing is more usual than to hear a reprobate parson, or curate, preaching upon a Sunday, such doctrines as all his actions, during the preceding week, have contradicted and disgraced—in ethics, nothing is more common than to find the theorist a reproach to his own opinions—in politics, not any thing more familiar to experience, than to hear the orator advance principles of patriotism upon which the versatility and wickedness of his known principles, and actions are so many libels and exposures.

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One manifest instance of practical religion; one benevolent adoption of active morality; and one insuperable proof of genuine AMOR PATRI, are of more real benefit to society than volumes, however sublimely digested upon the various subjects—by these the sense, as well as the judgment is gratified—the proof is indelible, the memory becomes tenacious of what is seen and felt, the mind is urged to emulate, and, if one may so express the sentiment, the love of virtue is gratified, by nothing short of imitation.

There is not perhaps a dwelling, of any consequence in Europe, that does not produce the works of great and learned men, who have thought it as much their duty, as their interest, to labour in the cultivation and improvement of the human mind: yet, the best authorities are, in general, read over with but little view to amendment; the deformity of vice has been finely painted by the pens of such men, but it may be boldly asserted, that the one instance exhibited in a brothel, a spunging-house, or at the several offices of police, or the Old Bailey, is a thousand times more natural and more impressivè—there the miseries of disease—the mischiefs of dissipation, and the retributions of justice, are represented

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by living example, and there novice mind imbibe the most radical rudiments of virtue.

The inference naturally to be adduced from this proposition is, that, which has been already mentioned, namely, that precept, however enticing it may be, is by no means equal to example, and that in all cautionary, or admonitory compositions, the nearer that the FORMER, approximates to the LATTER, the more efficacious will be its consequences.

Thoroughly convinced of this truth, the intention of these sheets is to lead the unguarded stranger into such scenes as actually exist every hour, in this extensive emporium--the good, as well as those of an opposite description; and, by so doing, to give him the best and fairest opportunity of embracing the one as manifestly approvable, and of rejecting the other, as demonstrably condemnable.

The system here laid down is as brief as it is portable; it may indeed be considered as a POCKET MIRROR, those for whom it is peculiarly intended, having nothing more to do but to carry it about them: and, upon every apposite occasion, to consult its assistance.

Before the conclusion of this introductory

tory chapter, it appears necessary to state a few circumstances, which may possibly form an interesting expository.

The youthful heir of a title, and a proportionable fortune, after a bungling school education, is sent to Oxford, or Cambridge, when he is supposed by his friends, and, possibly, by himself also, to finish a classical education, without any knowledge of these essential qualities by which such an honour ought actually to be attain'd—and where he TAKES a degree PRO FORMA. During this his university probation, he is almost constantly under the care of a tutor, who though without any essential knowledge of complicated society, he is taught to consider as an epitome, nay more, to speak chymically, as the very essential oil of the world—Having left the university he makes, by way of BON BOUCH, what is called the grand tour.

Totally ignorant of the people, the customs, manners, and the languages, it is impossible he can derive any advantages from such transient sojournments, as the limitation of his time will admit of, he visits the curiosities of each country; employs a guide, and interpreter; copies inscriptions, that have been copied a thousand times before, admires pyramids, sta-

tues, paintings, and, above all, is sure to revel in the Cyprian enjoyments of the continent—thus superfined, he returns to his native country; renders himself, if not popular, at least notorious by absurdity—in short, having in the character of a fine flashy, gentleman, *skimed the cream off every nation*, he has the consolation thoroughly to despise, or at least to affect to despise his own.

For a considerable time before he condescends to visit the capital of his native country, he reads all the news-papers, and periodical publications: wonders how men can be dupes to sharpers, accomplished swindlers, and systematic prostitutes—laughs at the schemes, and courage of highwaymen; and holds the dexterity of well dressed pickpockets in the most sovereign derision—he has read enough to guard him from the deceptions, and depredations of such characters; and, at length, thus cramed with the amunition of self-importance, he sets off for London, defying all the assaults of the enemy.

Before he has accomplished half his journey, he falls into company with one of the most agreeable best-bred men in the world! of extensive knowledge, refined erudition, great connections, and affluent fortune; his

his horses thorough blooded, his groom well appointed—and, his whole appearance that of complete fashion—the colonel, for so this stranger, was announced by his servant, being alone, proposes to dine with our hero—his offer is accepted—bumpers are filled—“the electric ruby” flies! and in one hour the booby squire discloses, his *birth, parentage, and education*—the *designs* of his *journey*, and the *depth* of his *purse*—intoxicated as much by his new accession of friendship, as by the influence of burgundy, he lets all out—speaks of the various mischiefs of the capital, and wonders how men of common sense can be imposed on by rascals, whom nothing can be more easy to distinguish, from real gentlemen.

To all these his ingenious observations the colonel listens with due attention—concurs in every sentiment; and joins emphatically in the ridicule of credulity, and the want of rational discernment—charmed with the elegant acquiescence of this accomplished stranger, our squire proposes that they should travel together the remainder of the journey; but, the colonel alledging that he had an account to settle the next day with his land steward, who was a defaulter in large sums, and whom he was going to dismiss, declines the offer; and

and, as it was rather late, and a cross road to his seat, takes his leave in a very kind and handsome manner—the squire expresses an ardent hope that they should very soon meet again: and the colonel squeezing his hand with true friendship, assures him that nothing would afford him greater satisfaction, and that he will exert himself to the utmost, to improve his friendship.

The young squire already finds a vacuum in nature, the instantaneous and sincere regard which he had imbibed for the colonel, was such, as made the first moments of separation insupportable.-----

ACCHILLES, after an intimacy of many years, could not have lamented the loss of his fellow-student PATROCLUS — ORESTES his PYLADES, nor NISUS his EURYALUS, with a greater degree of ill temper; in short, despairing of ever-more meeting with so agreeable, and useful a companion, he throws himself into a post-chaise, and seeks consolation in the soft arms of MORPHEUS—the horses move on gallantly—the carriage rolls on swiftly—but, a sudden stop produces so violent a degree of reverberation, that out pops, through the front glass, the head and shoulders of our astonished hero!——“Your money!” exclaims a loud and hoarse voice; “your watch! pocket-book!

book! in a moment, or damn me I will blow your brains out"—the demandant holding at the same time a horse pistol at his breast, while a second highwayman kept another in point blank direction with the head of the driver threatening him and the servant who rode behind, with instant death if either one or other dared to stir.

For God's sake remove your pistol, you shall have my money, says the squire, offering some loose silver and half-a-guinea—damn your loose money, answers the robber; I must have your purse, which I am told, is well crammed---aye, and your pocket-book, which I hear contains two fifty pound bank notes---come, come, no tricks, no concealment---deliver in one moment, or by---there was no resistance---the purse and pocket-book were both resigned---but his watch he begged earnestly to retain, as it was an old family moveable, and on account of its large and unfashionable size, not worth a gentleman's acceptance---“why mind me friend”---observes the robber, “though I pay great respect to
 “antiquity, I have still a greater liking
 “to bulkiness; besides, if it was one of
 “Grey's, or Jessop's best and most fashionable
 “productions, it would be all the
 “same, as it certainly goes to the melting-
 “pot

"pot in less than twenty-four hours"---the squire still implored, but all in vain, the hero of the road observed, that it was too long in one family, and therefore insisted it was high time it should change its service.

The parties now separate---the shadows of night now fall on every side---the squire now more than ever laments the absence of his friend, the colonel, who he knows to be a brave man—he now begins to think if he had been wise, indeed if he had recollected many instances of reading, he would not have travelled with so much money---and that instead of bank notes he should have taken bank-post-bills, or bills at a short date; but what most of all vexed and puzzled him was, how, in the name of Belzebub, the highwayman could know, so accurately, the contents of his purse and pocket-book---in short, after his boasted confidence he now, for the first time, begins to suspect his knowledge of the world---and, in short, the fact was, that from this single experiment, which however, he had as yet, but an imperfect knowledge of, he derived at least a better conception of himself, than he had ever before experienced.

What notions the sagacious reader may have of this sketch we know not, but assuring

ing him that it is altogether an absolute fact, we shall proceed to the sequel, of which it is impossible his penetration can form any idea.

In some time after the squire arrived in London, where he was the dupe and gudgeon of every sharper, and every well dressed wanton that came across him---curiosity, and some little family connection united, induced him to pay a visit to a gentleman, confined in the felon side of Newgate, for sending a challenge---as he crossed the quadrangle leading to this gentleman's apartments, his attention was immediately arrested by a face and figure of which he had, some how or other, an intimate recollection (a prisoner, and heavily ironed) being in a hurry to get from the area, which was pretty well crowded with wretched objects---he did not linger so as to ascertain the man's identity, but the window of his friend's apartment having a full view into the yard, he placed himself there, and in a very short time, recognized, no less an esteemed and respectable character than the colonel.

The astonishment occasioned by this discovery can much better be conceived than expressed---he enquired of his friend into the particulars of his case, observing, at the same

same time, that it was impossible he could be confined for any thing of a scandalous nature---murder, he supposed---or very likely rape---or possibly both---but confident he was, it could not be for an ignominious discription.

His friend, though he was not intimately acquainted with the colonel's history, or the detail of his particular case, knew enough to inform our astonished hero, that he was an incorrigible, old offender, and that together with an intimate friend and companion, at that moment under a charge for returning from transportation, to which he had been adjudged during life, for a capital offence, of which they had been both fully convicted; but, continued he, the turnkey knows all about him---we will have him called up.

The grimly CERBERUS of Newgate being arrived, informed the anxious enquirer, that the colonel never had any other command, than that of a dozen drinking-glasses in his whole life---he was literally bred to the honourable profession of a waiter, and had lived for some time as such at the George Inn in Drury Lane---that upon the resignation of Nelson, he succeeded as landlord of that respectable seminary---that he was connected with all the thieves in and
about

about London; that one of his companions was mortally wounded by a gentleman, on the Aston road, some time before, and died in Petty France, a few minutes before the peace officers belonging to Sir Sampson Wright, arrived at his lodgings, having scented him to that quarter; and lastly, that the companion, now to be tried with him, had been formerly one of the ostlers, and occasionally used to act on the road as his groom.

The squire was now quite out of temper with his own sagacity; and to have been imposed upon by so low a fellow, made him sensible that he was by no means, so competent to the knowledge of men and things, as he had supposed—here requested to speak to his old acquaintance, and was accordingly indulged in an interview.

Upon entering, the colonel immediately avowed him, and preserved an equanimity of mind and manner, which clearly demonstrated that, had his early education, and his lot in life, been of a more elevated nature, he might, instead of a nuisance, and a disgrace to society, have been an ornament; his natural parts were far from mean, and to the seeds of ambition which lurked in the original organization of his mind, might be justly imputed the calamity

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of

of his last moments ; his means were never equal to his occasions, and the boldness of his spirit urged him to irregular and unlawful expedients. No man was ever better formed for a Russian or German pandour ; and there is scarcely a doubt, had opportunity been kind, but he would have been as complete a plunderer as ever graced the armies of a Joseph or a Catherine. “ You are come, I suppose, Sir, said the colonel, to assist in my *confessional* duty ; and as I have no doubt but you would give me absolution, I honestly acknowledge, that I never executed a transfer of property in my whole life with more secret satisfaction than with you, upon the road from Epsom, I found you had the vanity to think you knew every thing, when you were, in fact, up to nothing. The violent good opinion you formed of me, in what one may call a few minutes, made me think you incapable of any opinion at all ; however, the promise which your friendship drew from me, you cannot deny, but I rigidly performed ; I was impatient for a *second meeting*, and, I believe, I gave you reason to remember my punctuality.

“ Heaven and earth ! ” exclaimed the wondering squire, “ was it then you that stopped my chaise ? and — ” “ no not exactly me,”

me,"—answered the colonel, "it was my friend, who appeared in the character of my groom; I stood at a distance until the chaise was stopped, and then took the post-boy and servant under my protection; but, come, Sir, as the lesson thus explained to you, may be useful hereafter, you will forgive, I hope; for my part, I shall die in peace with all the world, and I sincerely hope my fall will atone for all my follies."

When the colonel had finished his *amande honorable*, he held out his hand, which the 'squire could not resist accepting, and then sat down, and appeared to enjoy his pint of wine, as highly, as if he had drank it in a manner of an antiseptic or nostrum of longevity; neither did he appear restless or despondent, when the *sub-governor* who has been already dignified with the ancient title of CERBERUS, sternly commanded him to his gloomy cell.

The reader, it is presumed, will excuse the prolixity of the foregoing narrative, not only on account of its truth, which we vouch for, but in due consideration of its applicability to the subsequent parts of this work; a principal object of which is, to guard, as before mentioned, the unwary from similar impositions.

It is truly ridiculous, and to those who have

studied the great volume of man, laughable, to hear a clownish farmer in the kitchen of a country inn, bursting his fat sides at the expence of some neighbour who has been the dupe of a sharper; a ring-dropper; or a money lender, in London; when, in fact, the booby himself, would have been altogether as liable to imposition and dexterity had he been in like circumstances.

It is equally amusing to hear the youthful Betty, in whose vernal face are expressly delineated all the ripening beauties of approaching summer; in whose starry eyes appear all the voluptuous brilliancy of an impulsive nature! whose ambrosial breath, passing between teeth of burnished pearl, and from lips of rose-buds, cast all a fragrance round her; whose auburn hair flows like the locks of Venus; in short, whose aggregate of beauty is sufficient to enslave and intoxicate the soul of man; to hear such a treasury of transport talk with indifference and contempt, of the various arts by which she is so likely to be plundered, and from which little less than miracles can preserve her, is enough to raise both the smile and the tear of commiseration.

“Zooks veather,” says a young lumpkin, “ven does mean to let us zee Lundo? there’s main doings goin on! there’s parliament,

ment, and playhoufes, now—befides, all the world goes to Lundo궓; mayhap, who knows, ecod! but I may get a place in Court, for writing about Tom Paine—there's a vaſt of money going in that way at both ſides, and you knows veather that I writes as good a hand as any mon; be um who um may ſt—and then every one knows I am a good one at *levelling*—for Old Bluff, the butcher ſays, I can knock down a bullock with any young man in Zummerzetſhire!” A blockhead, ſuch as this, ſtrips his poor parents, perhaps, of all the fruits of many years ſaving, comes to the capital, and loſes it in as many minutes, by the tricks of a ſharper, the ſmiles of a wanton, or the nimble fingers of a pick-pocket.

But to enumerate the variety of ſpecies who are, by ignorance, made eligible to impoſition, would infinitely exceed the limits of this whole publication—the reader is, therefore, referred to the ſubſequent chapters, in which it is hoped he will find a ſkilful pilot, and a faithful friend.

THE
LONDON POCKET PILOT;
OR,
STRANGER'S GUIDE, &c.

PART THE FIRST.

INNS—GENERAL ADMONITIONS TO TRAVELLERS, FOREIGNERS AS WELL AS NATIVES—TOWN-RESIDENCES—HOTELS, REAL AND SPURIOUS ANECDOTES—ILLUSTRATIONS, &c. &c. &c.

*Hence, every youth less daily risque shall run :
And, thoughtless virgins be no more undone ;
Hence, foreigners no more the tale shall tell,
How frauds in London streets, and alleys dwell.*

IN the preceding pages, we have endeavoured to give our readers, both by general observation, and particular instances, the intent and meaning of our work ; it now remains that we commence our labour ; and as those public receptacles, in which the wearied traveller finds refreshment and repose, commonly called inns and hotels, appear to us to be of the first importance, so they become the first objects of our attention.

To

To foreigners, upon their arrival in this country, it certainly will not be any ways necessary to apologize for the ill accommodations, which some of our inns, both in town and country, afford.—To the natives, indeed, of this free and flourishing country, who are, in general, accustomed to all the luxuries of cleanliness, of affluence, and of scrupulous attention, from those whose station, and interest it is to dispence it, the inconveniences alluded to must appear intolerable—not only the dirtiness of certain inns, especially in London, but the neglect and sauciness of masters, and mistresses, waiters, and chambermaids, is insufferable—the truth is, that saving two or three exceptions at Calais, and some other towns on the opposite shore, which from constant intercourse, have imbibed something of English improvement, the very worst inn even in this city is, by comparison, a palace to the very best on the continent.

For the partial advantages to be met with in those particular places, the unfortunate stranger and sojourner must however submit to the most heavy extortions, and expect to find redress only by a precipitate retreat to more honest and hospitable regions.—Without partiality there is not, upon the face of this animated sphere, a more honourable and upright character than John Bull; take him in all his avocations; he is indeed, sometimes, a little restive, even with his country animals, but he spurns at the groveling idea of mean retaliation, and however unworthily he may be treated by the more specious and flimsy natives of foreign soil, he has the honour of his own country so much at heart, that he will neither retaliate, nor withhold his advice.

The

The business of a stranger, that is a foreign stranger, who comes to this kingdom, without immediate and specific recommendation, is, if he be entirely ignorant of the language, to furnish himself with a French and English pocket grammar, containing brief dialogues upon the most familiar subjects, that occur in society,—this little aid and interpreter, should never be out of his hand, upon the road, or in any situation, until time, gives him at least an imitative faculty of making himself understood.—The vanity of affecting to know too soon the language of foreign countries, is not less general than preposterous, and the pride, which, too often, rejects the assistance of art, makes nature appear ridiculous; it reminds one of some men whom misfortune has deprived of sight, being offended at apprehensions occasionally expressed by their friends for their safety.

At every inn, upon changing horses, or upon any occasion where the traveller stops, if he travels post, he should call for the master of the house, or in his absence, the mistress, and by reference to those parts of his book, that may apply to such information or accommodation as he may want, in a serious and decided manner effect his purpose.—The character of the host and hostess being essentially at stake, they will justly conceive an interest, as well as duty in the most scrupulous attention—they will order the driver to be careful and respectful; they will recommend to the best houses, and, in short, they will, during the whole of the journey, endeavour to make things as agreeable as possible..

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The foreign traveller, should, by all means, inform himself of what is usual to give the post-boys at each stage—what to the waiters, who attend at breakfast and dinner—what the ostlers, the boot-cleaner, and the chambermaid,—by this precision, he will not only make every one about him happy, but he will himself sympathize in the enjoyment of others. Travelling is by no means a constant employment, and, as it is in general, to the curious, contemplative, and liberal mind, a delightful source of pleasure, it ought not to be restricted in the enjoyments it offers by the sordid and narrow limitations of a parsimonious disposition.

By a due adherence to those necessary instructions, the foreign stranger will arrive with comfort in the capital; but, when there, he will find abundant room for the exercise of all his best faculties. A thousand snares are generally already laid; a thousand deceptions ready prepared; prudence must therefore be his pilot, or he will, in all human probability, soon find himself entangled in a sea abounding with hidden dangers. If a Frenchman, the natives of his own soil will swarm about him, with the honied sweetness of safe and familiar bees, but a very little time will produce their stings, and if he be not completely upon his guard, if he does not assume the panoply of manly resistance, he will most certainly be assailed from every quarter.*

* The case of the unfortunate French emigrant, who in less than half an hour after his arrival in London: was robbed of 3000 Louis, in a lodging house, in Castle Street, is a striking illustration of these cautions.

But,

But, the foreign gentleman, if in possession of common sense, may easily secure himself from imposition.—In this imperial city, freedom and protection are insured to all; and there wants but spirit and penetration, to avoid imposition.

A respectable residence, and a judicious choice of company, are the principal objects; and to both we recommend our foreign reader, hinting however, that D——, in Leicester-fields, is a house worth their notice.

We cannot, however, dismiss the subject, as it refers to foreigners, without some advice to those of the more humble and subordinate classes. Upon the road, they have little to do in respect to expences or customs, but observe, and be directed by their fellow passengers—they should, however, take care not to make too much parade of property, nor boast too much of a liberal turn—they should avoid local sudden attachments, whether male or female—they should not be communicative, for reason, that in the transient acquaintance of a stage coach, it is impossible they can meet with friendship worth confidence, but on the contrary, great mischief in the gratification of curiosity.

There is, not a more dangerous enemy to unsuspecting confidence, than man or woman, who, without reasonable motives, are profuse in their proffers of friendship: and a very little reflection will satisfy every sensible individual, that such characters must be either insincere and designing; or, too volatile and trifling for estimation—the troubles which are incidental to warm affection, though lightly thought of, by beings of a benevolent nature,

ture, when demanded by worth, and tried integrity, are yet, in fact, so many imposts upon humanity; and however cheerful they may be agreed to, and performed in favor of known desert, it is inconsistent with common sense, that they should be as it were, volunteered upon strangers. This observation is applied to all the classes of community, and we trust, that our countrymen, as well as foreigners, will suffer it to have an impressivè effect upon their judgements. Little said—soon mended, is an old adage, and it is here strongly recommended, that strangers should let caution combat curiosity; and not expose their game, lest they lose it.

Foreigners from France, Germany, the Low Countries, and, indeed, for the most part, from every place on the continent, come by the way of Dover—should they make a halt at Ramsgate, or Margate, they will find it necessary to exercise their best faculties against the impositions of the inns in those places. The season of sea-bathing being but three or four months, the publican's harvest is of course, extortion, to which they become so attached by habit, that they make no difference between the passing stranger and the temporary resident—they are so many sharks, and devour all flesh with equal voraciousness. To avoid, therefore, the extravagance of those places, we recommend as short a continuance as possible.

Having escaped the extortions of Ramsgate and Margate, the stranger is perfectly secure for the remainder of the journey to the capital. At Rochester and Dartford the accommodations are not only excellent, but reasonable, the waiters civil
to

to a commendable degree—and what may be equally at least agreeable to Monsieur and Mynheer, the wenches are not less attentive.

The principal inn in London, for the reception of foreigners from those parts, is the Cross Keys in Gracechurch-street, and it is with confidence we declare, that in this house nothing is to be found, that is not strictly honourable; good viands, good liquors, good beds, and good attendance. The Blossoms Inn, in Lawrence Lane, and the inns in Holborn, are also much resorted to by the Kentish itinerants; as is also the Angel at the back of St. Clements, in the Strand, which last, for better beds, or more reasonable demands, may challenge all London. The Golden Cross at Charing-Cross, is in respect to situation and local advantages, one of the most complete inns for foreigners in London; but it is, perhaps, on account of those advantages, more obnoxious to sharpers, and now and then to gentlemen of the road, than any other; we do not presume to say that such is actually the case but general report seems to be in favour of the observation—All the stranger has to do, therefore, is to be upon a strict guard, and to avoid the companionship of those whose condition he does not know something of.

Some years ago, during the time of Bolton, the post-coach to Chester was stopped by a single highwayman on Finchley Common, and the passengers all robbed—among them was a Captain Matthews, an open-mouthed Hibernian, who, in half seas of claret, had invited a strange well looking man, to participate the joys of Bacchus with him

him in the public coffee room. When the coach was stopped, the Captain protested that he had scarcely sufficient cash for his journey, but offered the robber a fair division.—“Come, come, Captain Mathews” said the highwayman, “no *blarney* my sweet *cretur*, but instantly deliver me the purse containing eighteen guineas, which Mrs. Bolton had in keeping for you at the bar, and which she gave you about half an hour before you left the house.”—“And who the devil told you all about it, my jewel?” replied the captain.—“O! returned the road collector, it happened in my presence, while we drank the last bottle of claret.”—“By *Jafus*,” exclaimed the captain, “then you are a very ungrateful fellow, to make me pay in this manner for my generosity—but as single misfortunes never come alone, it cannot be avoided,” and so saying, he delivered the whole of his travelling fund.—Information was immediately given of this at the office in Bow-street, and the highwayman accurately described, but to no purpose; he took from the several passengers about eighty guineas, and got clear off.

Travellers of fortune, coming from the west of England, require but little advice respecting their conduct—that road, and indeed the two great * north roads, are so well regulated in every respect, that nothing more is necessary to be observed, than that which we have already mentioned, namely, a moderate degree of liberality; and when travel-

* The Red Lion, in Dunstable, affords the best, and cheapest accommodations of any on the North Road to Chester.

lers of this description are once set down at Hyde Park Corner, so many houses, inns, and coffee-houses, all of the best repute, present their open, and hospitable doors, that they have nothing more to do, than enter. The Gloucester Coffee-house, the White Horse, and many other elegant and convenient receptacles are well known, and on the spot; and if the parties chose to resort to more magnificent, and of course expensive habitations, they may stop at the Bath Hotel, in Arlington-street, or the Grand Royal Hotel, in Pall-mall, that in Albemarle-street, or either of those in Jermyn-street—but to those who study œconomy, as well as convenience and luxury, that is the luxury of complete comfort, perhaps, the Adelphi, offers the most eligible inducements of any other.

We cannot possibly finish this article of inns and hotels, without a serious piece of necessary advice to strangers of all descriptions, In order to gloss over the internal debaucheries, of certain houses known by the name of hotels, but which are much better described by that of brothels—to gloss over we say, the *internal* vices of those fraudulent theatres of sensuality, they are *externally* distinguished by the following MODEST intimation.

THE HOTEL,

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

UPON this designation of convenience, particularly upon reading, that the lodgings are for SINGLE MEN, the *prudent* passenger thinks, that
chance

chance has been propitious—he enters, every thing appears neat and in order—he enquires of the good gentlewoman if he can have a bed ; and is instantly answered in the affirmative, “ would you chuse any refreshment, Sir—any supper, Sir ;” and all the usual interrogatories, of such places, are now put ; a chicken, or a veal cutlet is ordered. And now the strangers ears are assailed by the tinkling of bells, in every part, and anon the loud laugh of female wantonneſs ! Alarmed at his ſituation, he is yet aſhamed to retreat, or rather, while he is ſuſpended between baſhfulneſs and reſolution, the room door is opened by a nymph, who, after darting at him the pointed brilliancy of her facinating eyes, and diſplaying the ſnowy radiance of her neck and ſhoulders, ſimpers, ſmiles, and retires.

There is ſcarce a man, however cold and phlegmatic by nature, or by prudence, that can reſiſt the magic of female excitements, and in ſituations, ſuch as the preſent, he muſt be a complete philoſopher indeed, that can ſubdue his natural inclinations. The ſtings of deſire now become exquisite, and nothing can poſſibly alluage their poignancy, but that ſort of noſtrum, which the immortal Shakeſpear alludes to when he ſays,

“ My bane, and antidote, are now before me.”

In ſhort, it is a fact, that ſtrangers who have entered ſuch houſes, with a view of taking but one night’s ſafe lodging, have been known to continue in them, until they were completely plundered, and literally turned out beggars.

The ſureſt means of avoiding thoſe meritricious miſfortunes, is, for ſtrangers of every deſcription

to continue at the respective inn where they are first set down, until by recommendation, they are accommodated with more permanent and convenient lodgings; and if they should be, as sometimes happens, entirely destitute of friends in London, they should seek out, by their own sagacity, for places, the appearance of which corresponds with their circumstances. When they have thus seen, and fixed upon residences, a very little enquiry from some respectable shop-keeper, in the same street, will ascertain, whether the house be safe and reputable. And here we most seriously advise the stranger, that however he restrains himself in other particulars, always to keep the rent of his lodgings regularly paid up, by which caution he will constantly find, in sickness, as well as in health, in adversity, as well as when fortune bestows her best favors—a degree of domestic tranquillity that will make him comfortable.

We have already often mentioned, the confidence arising from the mere superficial theory of London impositions and seductions, by which female innocence is so frequently betrayed into ruin; and we feel a peculiar pleasure, as well from motives of commiseration, as from those of duty, to guard our charming and innocent young countrywomen, from the hidden dangers, which lurk beneath the rock of self-opinion.

Lucinda, the lovely young Lucinda, was the only daughter of a Wiltshire farmer. At the age of seventeen, she had read almost every modern novel, and from these seductive sources of knowledge, she conceived herself a tower of resistance
against

against every attempt that might be made upon her virtue, or her honour. At the same age she felt an insurmountable desire, to behold some, or all of those gay and splendid scenes, of which she had read so many full and captivating descriptions: and although she enjoyed at home all the serene pleasures of a rural life, her wandering imaginations still dwelt upon more active and tumultuous variety. In short, nothing could repel the strong desire which she had imbibed to see the capital.—Her father, mother, and friends, but above all, the youthful Simon, son of a respectable neighbour, and deeply interested in every circumstance of her life, did every thing in their power to dissuade her from her adventurous journey, but in vain—the advice of the former was regarded as the effect of parental weakness; and the entreaties of the latter, presumption. He was a rustic, and called *seeking fortune*, folly—but in fact, Simon's head was equal to his heart, sound and honest, except indeed, that ardent love had deeply wounded the latter.

Lucinda's father rented his lands from Sir Andrew Atall, a debauched widower, who, though suffering under the infirmities of contaminated dissipation, yet retained the disposition and the power, if not to enjoy, at least to plunder innocence of its fairest ornaments. Sir Andrew had long felt a violent passion for Lucinda, and had actually gone so far, as to declare his amorous disposition—but in addition to age and loathsome disease, he was heidiously ugly—such an object, therefore, may naturally be supposed disgusting to a young woman who had read so much of accomplished manhood.

Sir Andrew found that, by fair means, he could make nothing of our fair one; and her father was too good, and too independant a tenant, to injure by means of open violence, But as a tyger is said to lye watchful of its destined prey, until a fair occasion offers for making good its spring, so it was with the old baronet; he heard of Lucinda's intended journey; knew the time of her departure, informed himself of the inn at which she was to set up, and thus qualified, laid his plan accordingly.

It should be observed, that Lucinda's intentions were to get into the service of some great lady, and that she had accordingly obtained a recommendatory letter, to that effect, from the baronet's house-keeper, to a female friend in London.

Loaded with blessings, and wet with parental tears, Lucinda took her leave. Simon, stood by, while she ascended the coach, and with a wishful and dejected eye, bade her a long adieu!

As nothing material occurred on the road, we shall now follow Lucinda into the London inn yard, where the stage stopped. As she was alighting from the coach, she observed an elderly well dressed woman reading a letter, and alternately regarding her with great attention; at length, being entered the house, the stranger appeared in the same apartment, and accosting her, with much civility, asked if her name was not Lucinda; and if she was not the daughter of her friend's friend, farmer Laybourne, of Ploughdale, in Wiltshire.

Somewhat surprized, and much pleased at meeting

ing so soon with an acquaintance, Lucinda answered in the affirmative, and the good woman expressing great satisfaction at the interview, informed her that she had, sometime before, received a letter from Sir Andrew's housekeeper, her friend, in consequence of which she immediately looked out a situation for her, and was happy to inform her, that she had succeeded to her utmost wishes—she had got her as good a place, and with as sweet a lady as any in the metropolis, and would convey her to her home directly—she added, that having that morning, by another letter, heard of her departure from Ploughdale, and when the coach would arrive, she thought it best to meet her, who being a stranger, might find some difficulty in making out her abode.

Full of joy—full of gratitude, Lucinda accepted the good woman's invitation to a part of her carriage, and leaving directions where to send a large trunk after her, took a smaller one with her, and instantly drove off.

The sun now began to enrich the evening clouds, and with a saffron effulgence to eradicate each sublunary object—the streets—the squares—the statues all appeared to glow in magnificence—Lucinda's mind expanding in due proportion, already made her in idea, the mistress of some splendid mansion; already did her confidence in rigid virtue make her the wife of some charming youth, of fashion and fortune, who could not subdue her honor, and already did her little high ambition induce her to spurn

“the low dunghill which gave her birth.”

The

The coach at length stopped at the door of a very elegant house, in Old Burlington-street, which the good gentlewoman informed Lucinda, was to be her future residence. The lady, she said, was a widow, extremely beautiful, and her name L*w***ce.

The spacious hall, covered with a fine painted oil-cloth, and the winding stone stair-case, defended by an elegantly ornamented iron bullstrade, were just lighted up, and Lucinda ascending, actually thought she was mounting to Olympus. Mrs. L*w***ce, as fine a figure, and possessing features as bewitching as ever were produced, by the pencil of Corregio, was reclined on a tissue, fringed and gilded sofa. Upon Lucinda's entrance, she arose with majesty, and taking her by the hand, told her, that on account of the recommendation, she had from Mrs. SAGELY, she would consider her more a companion than a domestic—bid her conceive herself at home, and having recommended her to the care of Mrs. Sagely, who was to shew her her apartment, and to see her properly accommodated, dismissed her for the present.

To make Lucinda's situation the more agreeable, Mrs. Sagely was requested to spend a few days in Burlington-street—it was allotted her also to see the charming stranger dressed properly for her station—her rustic habiliments were ordered to be laid aside, her hair disposed of agreeably to modern refinement, and in short, she was to undergo a complete metamorphosis.

In about forty-eight hours after Lucinda's arrival at this temple of cyprian luxury, she was so completely changed, that no one who had seen her before, would have conceived her to be the same person.—Mrs. L*w***ce saw much company of both sexes; and among the men were a variety of characters, from the illustrious youth who may one day ascend the throne of Great Britain, to the sharper; and from the gambling sharper, to the sharpening money-lender.—Upon every occasion, Lucinda was produced, and she had the secret satisfaction to hear her innocence and beauty the fond theme of every conversation.

On the fourth evening of Lucinda's residence in this splendid scene of sensuality, Mrs. L*w***ce went to the opera—the footman attended her—two housemaids had leave to go out, and Mrs. Sagely and Lucinda were left alone. Now it was that the plot which had been long preconcerted, began to develope. Mrs. Sagely now threw off, in some degree, the mask, which she had heretofore assumed, and let Lucinda a little into the history of her new mistress—that she was a favourite of the P—— of W——; that he was profuse in his munificence, and that in return for his unbounded generosity, she not only indulged him with her own person, but provided for his insatiable love of variety.

Now, continued Mrs. Sagely, of all the females I ever saw in my life, you are the best calculated to please his highness; and I have no doubt, but in a little time, I shall see you live in greater splendour even than Mrs. L*w***ce herself:—
Lucinda

Lucinda listened to this discourse as if it had been delivered by a supernatural agent—her honor, her heroism, her apprehensions now became alive, and exquisite; but her speech was stopped, and between resentment and fear, she could scarce avoid fainting. Mrs. Sagely saw her emotions—emotions to which she had been often accustomed, with great indifference, and proceeded with a conversation, which she well knew was best suited to her purpose, namely, to prepare her mind for prostitution.

Lucinda having, in some degree, recovered herself, was upon the point of launching forth a fine speech, when, at that moment, a loud rapping at the door announced the approach of some consequential visitant!—Mrs. Sagely started up and instantly quitted the parlour, the door of which, when opened, presented to the astonished, and terrified Lucinda, the frightful figure of Sir Andrew Atall, superbly dressed, and affecting at the sight of Lucinda, an equal degree of surprize.

The antiquated baronet, shutting fast the door, now approached the trembling fair one. “What, Lucinda! cried he, is it possible? are you already advanced so far into life—so high in the region of love, why you astonish me child—I thought, when you were in Wiltshire, you would do; but I could not conceive your good fortune would have been so rapid. Come, tell me, Lucinda, my charming girl, who is the happy mortal that first—

All the various, conflicting emotions, which arise from the terrors, and the sensibility of betrayed

trayed innocence, now assailed the soul of Lucinda. Hideous monster! she cried, I scorn your base insinuation, and am as much as ever mistress of my honor. I have been seduced into a house, which I now find to be a brothel, and I am determined this moment to quit it. Upon saying which, she attempted to go towards the hall, but the enamoured baronet prevented her.

Ye gentle fair ones, who prize your virtue, think what must have been Lucinda's feelings at this alarming moment—she screamed aloud! but Sir Andrew endeavoured to prevent her cries, by smothering them, and was just upon the point of consummating his wicked purpose,

When a loud rapping was heard, and Mrs. Sagely, who fearing the neighbourhood might be alarmed, immediately opened the door, when a young man, in the habit of a respectable country farmer, rushed in, and declaring that he heard the cry of murdered, forced his way into the front parlour. Good heaven! what were the emotions, of the brave, and generous Simon, (for such was the adventurous stranger) when he beheld the lovely object of his fondest hopes and wishes, an helpless prey to the lust, and violence of Sir Andrew Atall.

Sir Andrew, the moment he saw Simon, flew to his sword, which he had laid on the table, and drawing it with sanguinary rage, made a desperate thrust at his rival; but Simon, whose spirit exceeded science, parried the lunge with one hand, and with the other, forced the weapon from his assailant, threatening him with instant death, if he offered the least violence, or resistance.

The

The first care of the enamoured Simon was, to adjust Lucinda, who remained in a situation, ill-suited, to the delicacy of refined love—then breaking the baronet's sword under foot, he threw the fragments into the fire.

Without waiting for any explanation, but muttering destruction, the angry and vanquished baronet now snatched up his hat, and took his departure.

Lucinda, who could scarcely believe her sight, threw her fond grateful arms round her preserver's neck—after pouring forth her warmest acknowledgements, demanded to know what extraordinary accident had sent him to her relief—the question was briefly answered. Love, all powerful love, had commanded him to follow her up to London, where if he could not obtain a kind return, he might still be the means of protecting her. His first visit was to Mrs. Sagely, to whom she had been recommended by Sir Andrew's housekeeper; but finding that she had not been there, and that Mrs. Sagely had heard nothing of her arrival, he enquired at the inn, and received information from the book-keeper, where her trunk had been ordered; thither, he said he determined to follow her, to know in what manner she was situated, and, if possible to see her. Scarcely had he set his foot upon the first step of the door, when his ears were assailed, and terrified with the cry of murder—her well-known voice, though in some degree altered by her condition, was yet familiar to his ears, when as we have already described, he claimed admission, and had the happiness of preserving her from
ruin.

ruin. What expedited his journey to London, he said, was, that he knew of Sir Andrew's departure, and although he had caused it to be reported in the neighbourhood, he was only going for a few days to Bath, he suspected his intentions.

Grateful for the events of destiny, and impatient to be gone from a house, which now, in all its splendour, appear no better than a prison of pollution, Lucinda wrapped herself up in a loose riding dress, in which she had travelled, and accompanied by her faithful Simon, took her departure.

Being safely arrived in the humble residence of the real Mrs. Sagely, to whom she had been recommended, and exulting not less, in her present preservation, than ashamed of her former ingratitude to Simon, Lucinda now plighted mutual vows of affection, and the beaming eyes of Simon were again reanimated with their wonted lustre,

It now clearly appeared, that Sir Andrew being informed of her journey, and the recommendation of his housekeeper, had written up to Mrs. L*w-***ce, who, at his desire, had sent the pretended Mrs. Sagely, with an accurate description, and every proper instruction, to the inn, where she succeeded so far as we have mentioned,

There is nothing further interesting in this story, except, that the next day, Simon went to Burlington-street, and demanded Lucinda's trunks, which were delivered to him without hesitation; and that Sir Andrew, ashamed of his detection,

D

made

made a trip to the continent; where, in a few months, he died, in Brussels. It is almost needless to add, that the happy lovers were soon united in holy wedlock, and that by their return to the place of their nativity, they made the evening of their parents days tranquil and happy.

By reference to our copperplate, the stranger in London will perceive, at one view, the necessity of caution, and that instead of gazing up at the inhabitants of first and second floors, he should always attend to the safe depositing of his saddle-bags, or portmanteau. Some of the public inns, in every sense of the phrase, provide both for man and horse, but such as are illustrated by living documents are totally unfit for respectable and sober customers.

The *vestals* that are now exhibiting their protuberant inticements, are such, as without the least degree of natural feeling, affect to be desperately in love with every new comer. "*My dear* ; I say, *my dear* ; I long to speak to you, *my dear* ;" is upon the tip of each tongue ; but it should be impressed upon the mind of every traveller, that those honied expressions are merely superficial, and that the substance thereof, is gilt of the most bitter quality. In short, the sensibility of both mind and body, in those London VENUSES, are worn out by reiteration and variety ; and, the most filthy, and deformed Hottentots, on the coast of Caffraria, would be altogether as *dear* an object, as the most perfect ADONIS that ever hunted on Mount Ida.

There

There is no set of men in the world more liable to the tricks of sharpers, than the drovers who attend Smithfield Market, at least until by experience they learn wisdom. A *certain proteus*, who resided many years in Saint Alban's-street, and who, though bred to the humble profession of a carpenter in the sister kingdom, had the address to assume almost any character in this—has been seen at the Tennis-court in the forenoon—at the Hazard-table after supper, and in Smithfield Market, at those hours where the general class of his associates, less keen upon the scent, have been taking necessary repose. In the forenoon, his dress was that of a plain man, of independant circumstances—he made large bets—the Duke of Y——, the Duke of R——, Mr. F——, the late Sir William D——, Colonel St. L——, and many others such characters, because they thought they were sure of being paid their winnings, always gave him a preference. At dinner, his appearance was generally elegant; and although his bottle companions were not exactly of the same class, they were generally men of some distinction, at least in point of fortune. At three, or perhaps four in the morning, his metamorphosis was of another species—he threw off the fine skins, and appeared in dirty boots, a loose great coat, leather breeches, a round covered hat, and a heavy farmer's whip—thus habitated, he strutted on to Smithfield, and being a complete adept in all the arcana of play, from the highest to the very lowest species, scarcely ever failed of making good a harvest among the ignorant countrymen, with whom he had address enough to insinuate himself.

Like the colonel, mentioned in our introduction, he was certainly much gifted by nature, and with all his intuitive qualities, possessed a degree of courage that often made, not only the pigeons tremble, but his companions. As after this sketch of character, our readers will undoubtedly have a desire to know something of this *great man*, we must not let him make his exit without mentioning the place of his present residence. Having had the misfortune to kill his man in a duel, he found it *convenient* to retire to the continent, where, from certain circumstances in that *affair of honor*, he will, if he be wise, spend the remainder of his days.

There is scarcely a public inn in the metropolis, that is not infested with human vermin, who, like rats, allured by the scent of sustenance, swarm about them, and, as there is in each, an indispensable necessity for a public coffee-room, so it is impossible to be guarded by private suspicion—every person, not offensive in his conduct, must necessarily be admitted, and in those rooms it is, the experienced sharper executes the preliminaries of his frauds—he listens, sifts, and conciliates; and having sounded his man, and his man's purse, lays his plans accordingly.

The expedients of sharpeners are generally executed with a happy vivacity; but while they appear as if indifferent to their objects, their whole ingenuity is employed in succeeding in them. These sharpeners are of every description, and nothing is more usual than to see in one confederacy, an ostensible clergyman, a sham captain, a pretended lawyer,

lawyer, and an affected idiot; and what is very extraordinary, notwithstanding those pseudo geniuses are generally the most illiterate and unprofessional beings in the world, they can penetrate to the bottom of mens judgments, and, as it were, by anatomizing their capacities, make even their philosophy the medium of imposition. We shall close our discourse of inns, with repeating our caution, that strangers of all ages and descriptions, and of each sex, should with circumspection combat against imposition, and to conceal their minds, their purposes, and their purses, from those, who, under the disguise of officious friendship, endeavour to examine into each, and with remarking, that the best knowledge is, the art of judiciously disguising ones self.

PART THE SECOND.

 TAVERNS—COFFEE-HOUSES—CHOP-HOUSES,
&c. &c.

*What tho' th' unwary stranger here may meet
Accommodation, kind in every street ;
A weighty secret still remains behind——
The house which suits the circumstance, to find.*

A LITTLE Indian boy, some days after his arrival in London, went into one of the celebrated TEMPLES of POMONA, in St. James's-street, and snatching up an exceeding fine pineapple, devoured it with great avidity. As he could not speak the language, he asked no questions ; but throwing down sixpence, retired without ceremony. A person was dispatched after him, but to no purpose, sixpence was the whole of his stock, and though the pineapple was well worth half-a-guinea, the proprietor was obliged to put up with the loss.

Many accidents, of a similar nature, have, from time to time, occurred to persons of riper years in this metropolis to strangers, who, for want of reflection, upon the comparative circumstances of house rent, servants wages, and the price of provisions,

vifions, think they may meet with charges as reasonable, in the town taverns and public houfes, as in thofe of the country, were each of thofe articles are purchafed fo much more reasonable—but thefe misfortunes arife folely from want of due instruction, or rather INTRODUCTION; and, it is with confidence we assert, that from a variety of caufes, there is not a fpot in Europe, where people, efpecially fingle perfons, may live upon more eafy and convenient terms. The man of affluence may, indeed ought, to refort to taverns, and houfes of the firft accommodation—his views, his connections, and his ideas, correfpond therewith, and whatever he might poffibly fave by the ufe of lower receptacles, he would probably lofe in the eftimation of fociety.

For thofe, whofe circumftances are barely independent, there are abundance of respectable houfes, generally known by the name of chop-houfes, where they may live altogether as comfortably as in the former, and where they will occasionally fee the beft company, and be certain of never meeting with perfons of an improper defcription.

For others again of narrow, or diftreffed condition, there are houfes where the food is altogether as good and wholefome, as in either of the former, and where the vifitor need not be afhamed of getting up from table, without fpending a fingle half-penny, more than the fpecific chare of his eating.

In the London Tavern, the Paul's Head Tavern, the Globe, in Fleet-ftreet, the Saint Alban's Tavern, in Saint Alban's-ftreet, the Thatched Houfe
Tavern,

Tavern, in Saint James's-street, the Star and Garter Tavern, in Pall Mall, and such houses, are to be met all the most delicate luxuries upon earth, and where the fortun'd voluptuary may indulge his appetite, not only with all the natural dainties of every season, but with delicacies produced by means of preternatural ingenuity.

Since the custom of giving dinners and suppers in coffee-houses has been universally adopted, there is scarcely a street in the metropolis, where the hungry passenger of moderate fortune may not live with convenience and elegance; and in several, not only eat and drink, but sleep, upon the most reasonable terms. The most eligible of those public coffee-houses appear to us to be the following:

THE LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE,	<i>Ludgate Hill.</i>
THE YORK COFFEE-HOUSE,	<i>New Bridge-street</i>
ANDERTON'S COFFEE-HOUSE,	} <i>Fleet-street.</i>
PEEL'S COFFEE-HOUSE,	
JOE'S,	} <i>in the Temple.</i>
GRECIAN,	
BROWN'S,	
TEMPLE,	
NANDO'S,	} <i>Strand.</i>
GEORGE'S,	
HOLYLAND'S,	
SOMERSET,	
TURK'S HEAD,	
NEW EXCHANGE,	
HUNGERFORD.	} <i>Charing Cross.</i>
SALORIAN,	
CANNON,	
SPRING GARDEN,	<i>opposite the Park Entrance.</i>

LE COQ'S, *Parliament-street.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S, *Conduit-street.*

BRAUND'S HEAD, *Bond-street.*

RATHBONE PLACE COFFEE-HOUSE.

All these we mention as places of general accommodation, and the stranger in London may be confident of meeting good entertainment in each. The London Coffee-house is a large and superb mansion, with a profusion of attendants, the first-rate cooks, the best waiters, the smartest chambermaids, hair-dressers, porters, shoe-blacks, &c. &c.

The York Coffee-house, is also a spacious building, with noble apartments; and the coffee-room itself, the most elegant perhaps in England; the proprietor not above his business, and all the attendants active and obliging. The house is famous for giblet soup, of the finest quality, and the bar being ornamented by one of the mildest, modestest, prettiest, best dressed, and most obliging bar maids in the world—her manners and address easy; and unaffectedly insensible, of her conciliations, she secures the attachment of every customer.

Anderton's is a commodious, handsome, and well furnished house, situated conveniently for business at each end of the city. The coffee-room is a spacious and beautiful apartment, ornamented with ionic columns, elegant chandelier, and a superb cut glass lustre.—It is resorted to by none but real gentlemen chiefly, in the profession of law; and affords as many good things, as any similar place in London.—The master and mistress are re-putable,

putable, plain, sensible people, and their general demeanor, such as meets universal approbation.

The four Temple Coffee-houses are the favourites—the law professors.—They are, as may naturally be supposed, resorted to principally by the students of the respective societies; and as many of those are from the sister kingdom, where the free use, and first judgment of wines go hand in hand, it behoves the owner to keep up a large stock, and that of the best kind—there is besides good accommodations of every sort, together with the most attentive and polite behaviour.

George's, in the Strand, is also a house of the most respectable kind; and the company who meet there, in every respect correspondent.

Peel's is remarkable for having all the country papers that are published in the three kingdoms. The company is promiscuous, and every thing what may be called mediocrity.

Nando's is a good room—but there is not much pleasantry in the general aspect. This remark may however, arise from prejudice; for in this coffee-house assemble the most disagreeable class of people on earth—namely, *attornies*.

Holyland's, near Somerset House, is, perhaps, one of the first coffee-houses in Europe.—The lower story is divided into two spacious rooms, one within the other, both elegantly illuminated, and each producing, internally and externally, a very fine effect. In this house every convenience is
consistent.

consistent with appearance; and, if the charges be now and then a little *above par*, the advance should be excused by the style in which every thing is performed.

The coffee-house, known by the name of the Turk's Head, is embellished with an ancient, and a juvenile female,—the first a great politician,—something of a *jacobin*, or *possiard*, and gives a wonderful latitude to sentiment and decision; she will sometimes announce, that the Great Turk is turned a democrat, and at other times, that the heiress apparent (in failure of male issue) has gone to Gretna Green with a lobby page. This loquacious matron is never seconded by the virgin, but smiles and simpers indicate concurrence.

The Oxford Coffee-house, though it bears a kind of classical denomination, is the *rendezvous* of young fellows, whose knowledge in general is much better suited to the studies of BACCHUS, than the sentiments of HOMER, HESIOD, LUCRETIVS, HORACE, VIRGIL, OVID; or, in short, any writer of antiquity. But, although they do not dip their pens in the inspiring ink of Mount Parnassus, they are sure to dip their lips in the more sparkling produce of the MOUNTS, MADEIRA, and TENERIF. Here the stranger may meet with pleasant men, and pleasant women also; and every other accommodation which discretion and politeness can afford.

The New Exchange, is the next Coffee-house, which demands our attention:

A set

*A set of jovial bucks do here resort,
With BACCHUS flush'd, and reeling ripe for sport.*

It was for many years kept by Old Townshend, and his ancient wife; and, even in its early days, remarkable for *good things*, especially if the female attendants be included. NELLY, the present proprietress, when in the humble capacity of bar-maid, had the art of pleasing all—even the rude sons of Hibernia were in a great degree slaves, under the mild controul of her judgment she seduced them into good hours; and when, as was frequently the case, they were confined by the evil effects of hard drinking, Nelly supplied them with broth and other comforts, which soon dispelled the sickness, and the fumes of inebriety.

The grateful attachment of the sister kingdoms is yet, in many respects, visible in this house, since it is constantly crowded with young men of fashion and fortune, from that gallant and generous nation—indeed they frequently carry their kindness and hospitality to such profuse lengths, that having taken in a surcharge of the best port and claret, they often disgorge it to the general use—but, though this act of liberality may be pleasing and convenient to the *donors*, the *donees* often find it the very reverse; for the liquor coming up in a state of gross fermentation, is constantly mixed with a *caput mortuum*, the stench of which is intolerable: besides, as it arises with force and abundance, it is generally accompanied with strong gusts of wind from every quarter, and falls slap dash! helter skelter! as Sterne says, sometimes upon heads, and very often about the heels of those,
who,

who, for want of custom, are not aware of it.— There is also another danger to be apprehended from the use of this coffee-house, namely, that as the Hibernian customers cannot exist *satisfactorily* without periodical affairs of honor, there is a probability, that peaceable people may sometimes be involved in hostilities, which they do not at any time relish.

The Cannon Coffee-house, is also a house of excellent accommodation; and, if not now and then polluted with committees of election for the City of Westminster, would be an unexceptionable house of entertainment.

Almost opposite the Cannon, is the British, an elegant coffee-house, and resorted to by *aw* the *Duks* and *Yearls*, as Sir Archy says of Caladonia!

The Salopian Coffee-house, Charing-cross, is what may be termed, rather snug than elegant—it is much used by military heroes, where, under the brokerage of little WHITING, they sell, exchange, and barter their commissions, as conveyiency may dictate.

Le Coq's, the Parliament-street Coffee-house is in a most eligible situation for members of parliament, and gentlemen who attend upon parliamentary business; and the several coffee-houses about Westminster-hall, are principally occupied by the gentlemen of long robe, *when on duty*.

The Piazza and Bedford Coffee-house, the Rainbow, in King-street, and all the coffee-houses about
E Covent

Covent-garden, are upon similar plans. That in the Hay-market, called the Orange Coffee-house, is chiefly used by opera dancers, and castratas; as is the York, at the upper end of Saint James's-street, by the most respectable merchants and inhabitants at the west end of the town.

Having thus sketched out the specific qualities of the several coffee-houses, which appear best calculated for general accommodation, we must lead our readers a kind of retrograde journey, and introduce them to those humbler scenes of association, where JOHN BULL, CITIZEN SOUP-MEAGRE, SIGNOR CECISBIO, DON DIEGO POMPOSO, MYNHEER VANDER BROADBOT-TOM, and other foreign and domestic mercantile characters resort; and, having touched respectively on each, make a few diagonal excursions, with which we shall conclude this chapter.

The Jamaica, is a coffee-house, where one sees nothing but aquatic captains, in the trade of that island.—But, notwithstanding, any person who prefers the best rum punch, to the indifferent, should certainly spend his evenings and his money there.

Opposite the Jamaica, in the same blind alley, in Cornhill, is the African, a respectable coffee-house, where every thing is excellent; and where the customers are indulged with the perusal of that most excellent weekly paper, called the Observer, in which are published the admirable letters of ALFRED, to Mr. Pitt, upon the abolition of the slave trade—indeed this publication is now to be met with in all the coffee-houses of any note in the metropolis.

In

In Threadneedle-street are two; the New York, and the Antigallican; in the latter of which, one does not know whether the noise of backgammon boards—the clutter of Germans, or, the highly tighty volubility of the master, is most troublesome—the first is, however, excusable, from its amusement—the second, from nature—and, the third, from excentricity.

Crossing the way again into Cornhill, if the stranger has a curiosity to behold a modern copy of old Jerusalem, let him turn into the Rainbow, and the twelve tribes of Israel, strikingly epitomized, will present themselves!—*dark beards*, and dirty faces, in abundance!—and what is not a little wonderful, honest JERRY, the HIGH PRIEST, though born and bred a Christian, has imbibed by example such a quantity of sympathetic attribute, that in the opinion of many, he is actually become at last a Jew without circumcision.

A little further west, is the Union, or Tom's Coffee-house; but, if anarchy, and the admiration of public calamity, be the reverse of unanimity, it should certainly change its name to the Jacobin or Tom's Coffee-house. The first waiter is an open mouthed republican; for, setting all order of subordination at defiance, he contends, that T—P— is the only CITIZEN upon earth! Poor Tom the waiter was, however, some time ago, confoundedly *aristocrated*, that is, roughly handled by a gentleman, for being a little too free of his sentiments, and has from that time done with politics.

In Tom's coffee-house, you hear and see all the

nations upon earth—the jargon and noise, to an unaccustomed ear insupportable; and a loyal, and constitutional mind, will here find food for its best patience. In short, it is a DEMOCRATIC DRAMA, which the amateurs of despotism, or even of mixed government should not resort to.

A little onward is Batson's—and here it is that the solemn sons of ESCULAPIUS, hold their diplomatique convocations—as the DEITY of health, is always represented by the poets a FEMININE character—the BAR PRESIDENT of Batson's, is a female, and like the GODDESS HIGIEIA, deals out her professional nostrums, *tea, chocolate, coffee, soups, wines, spirits, &c. &c.*—and, we can safely say, with much better effect upon the human organization, than all the antidotes in the MATERIA MEDICA,

From Batson's we must again cross the way, and take a view of the Bank Coffee-house, which is, almost, entirely devoted to diamond and gem merchants; Jews, and Gentiles, and where an ENGLISH NABOB, upon his last legs, is sometimes seen disposing of a precious stone, plundered, or, perhaps, stolen from the turban of an immolated RAJAH.

From hence, as a matter of eminent curiosity, the stranger should turn into Lloyd's, in the upper part of the Royal Exchange. The whole universe, perhaps, does not produce so admirable a system of convenience, nor so striking an evidence of opulence, and national grandeur and security!—here is a constant correspondence with every sea-port

port town in the whole inhabited world, and their ships and property on sea are insured to any amount, from one hundred pounds value, to one million, and upwards.

From hence we do not meet a coffee-house until we arrive at the City Coffee-house, in Cheapside, opposite King-street, in which street also there are two very good ones, and very convenient to those, who have the misfortune to attend, as clients, at Guildhall.

The City Coffee-house, in respect to situation, elegance, and accommodation, vies with almost any other in the city, and is further recommended, by the judicious demeanor of the proprietor.

A little way from this, is that distinguished temple of literature, called the Chapter Coffee-house—every table covered with the classics!—every seat pressed by the posteriors of profundity!—here are your *thorough bred working authors*, of every description—your scissars men! your paste men! your transposition men! and, in one word, men competent to the *composition* of history, divinity, law, ethics, poetry, geography, astronomy, astrology, and mathematics, by every species of contrivance.

In this sublime region are to be found great abundance of those incomparable geniuses, known by the name of monthly, critical, and analytical reviewers—and here, any young author may, by a judicious management of a certain ingredient, qualify the severest judgment of criticism.

The last (though by no means the least worthy) house of this kind, which we shall register, is Low's, the Gray's-inn Coffee-house and Hotel, in Holborn. The situation is convenient and airy; the public room large, and elegant; the beds handsome and compleat; and the furniture clean and valuable. In the public room is every day a select ordinary, chiefly attended by gentlemen of the bar, and attornies—not *pettifoggers*; and served upon the most unexceptionable terms—the wines are excellent, and the attendance complete.

Having now gone through the most eminent COFFEE-HOUSES in the metropolis, it behoves us to direct our stranger friends, where fortunes and dispositions do not square with the bustle and expence of such situations, to those of a cheaper and more placid description; where they may live agreeably to their own habits, and where they will, paying a reasonable price, pass unnoticed, and, of course, uncensured for their conduct.

And first—there is, we believe, not in all Europe, a house better calculated for such life than Bates's, the Cock, behind the Royal Exchange, where every thing is of the very best quality, and where a customer, who drinks but a pint of table beer, is treated with as much deference as if he called for a bottle of burgundy.

The next house of this description is Dolly's, in Newgate-street, where also the hungry stranger may be well satisfied for a small expence.

The Bull, in Bishopsgate-street, is strongly recommended to the lovers of frugality.

The

The Dog, near Temple Bar, for the same motives—to which may be added, dispatch, that to men of business is an important object.

The Spread Eagle in the Strand, is an excellent house; but here, as the hungry passenger passes, if he be not cautious, his appetite may take a turn very different from culinary desires; for the bar generally presents a young and sprightly widow, of whom it may be said;

On ne peut pas tenir contre ses charmes.

There is also, an exceeding good house of this kind in Bow-lane, and many near the 'Change and about Covent Garden.

To persons, whose circumstances are very much confined, we recommend the use of those houses, known by the name of cook-shops-houses, which are to be met with every where; but the best is certainly that in Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, where, for the trifling expence of four-pence, a person of a moderate stomach may have as much roast or boild plain meat, as will be fully sufficient; and when for six pence a plowman may be satisfied.

It is a known fact, that by means or scrupulous œconomy in eating and drinking, many persons, whose circumstance were little better than indigent, have made reputable appearances through life, and died in affluence. We do not, however, by any means recommend misery, but on the contrary would contend, that after eating, and drinking, sleeping, and dressing comfortably, men and women, of very narrow incomes, may save money—the

the system is easy, and common sense will direct better than all the advice which we can offer upon the subject.

PART THE THIRD.

PUBLIC PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

OBSERVATIONS—OPERA-HOUSE—PLAY-
HOUSES—VAUXHALL—DIBDIN'S—ASTLEY'S
—SADLER'S WELLS—ADMONITIONS AND
ADVICE,

*Where pleasure spreads her airy filken charm,
The gay to lull, th' insensible to warm;
What crowd on such a sea of folly tost,
Before they deign to think, are daily lost.*

IN the city of London, there are more places of public amusement, than in any other capitol in Europe, Paris excepted—there, indeed, every quarter has its local exhibitions; but, they are in general, and by comparison, mere puppet-shows and buffoonries, to those which we may with justice boast of. The French nation, although at this disgraceful period, presume to talk of liberty, are yet, the greatest slaves to habit and custom, of any upon earth—for, whatever may be the reigning fashion, of-dress, address, religion, physic, politics,

OF

or amusements, the natives follow it with a degree of enthusiasm, unknown in other countries.—Hence, it is, that any thing bearing the name of amusement, let it be ever so paltry and contemptible, is sure to be encouraged in Paris; and, hence it is, that while a Vestris draw crowds in one part of the city, a dancing dog, or a monkey draws equal numbers in another.

Not so, in the more rational and enlightened emporiums of Great Britain, and Ireland; London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, where every thing ridiculous and emperical, except (we are sorry to make so serious an exception) religious opinions is despised—the trumpery of amusement is considered an affront to common sense, and whenever an attempt is made to abuse the judgment, the issue is generally unfortunate.

The established places of public amusement in the city of London are,

THE KING'S THEATRE, or *Opera House*, in the *Haymarket*,

THE LITTLE, or SUMMER THEATRE, *ditto*.

THE WINTER THEATRE, in *Drury-Lane*.

THE WINTER THEATRE, in *Covent-Garden*.

ASTLEY'S EQUESTRIAN EXHIBITION, at the *Amphitheatre of Arts*.

DIBDIN'S SANS SOUCI.

VAUXHALL.

RANELAGH.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Except one at Paris, and one at Bourdeaux, the great theatre in the Haymarket is allowed to be the

the most superb in Europe.—The theatre is deep and proportionable broad. The variety and beauty of the scenes are beyond expression, and the mechanism exquisitely replete with ingenuity, and contrivance.—The amphitheatre from the stage appears a kind of paradise; and, when entirely filled, may be justly said to transcend our most luxuriant ideas of Mahomet's heaven! The several entrances are superbly illuminated, and there is a circular vestibule, almost lined with looking-glasses, and furnished with sofas, in which female loveliness is not only seen, but reflected; and, in which, the ideas of mortality pass, as it were, from earth to elysium!

The new theatre in COVENT GARDEN, is, in many respects, a copy of the above, particularly in regard to the amphitheatre; the several tiers of boxes and galleries being supported by beams inserted by strong double walls, and without the troublesome interception of pillars, which spoil the view, and destroy the beauty of the symmetry.

DRURY-LANE theatre, now almost completely finished, is a magnificent improvement upon the plan of Covent-garden. The lobbies and ascents are more roomy and elegant, as is also in Covent-garden, here is a coffee-room, where may be had refreshments of almost every kind, but we are sorry to observe, that the extravagance of price renders such accommodation almost unattainable, except to persons of very heavy purses.

In Drury-lane theatre, the tiers of boxes, unlike those of Covent-garden, are supported by small
iron

iron pillars, which, if not quite so pleasing to the optics, are certainly more reconcilable to the feelings of security, especially to those unacquainted with the principles, and mechanic powers of architect.

The **LITTLE THEATRE** in the **HAYMARKET**, is, as above mentioned, a summer appropriation only; it is built upon the old plan, but so judiciously accommodated with ventilators, as to acquire a kind of preternatural coolness, even in the most sultry weather—the **VENUSES** and **ADONISES** that assemble there—if they have not groves and shrubberies, and labyrinths of love to stray in, are yet attended by the gentle zephyrs; and the fervid emotions of June, kept altogether as temperate as those in January. There is one inconvenience peculiar to this theatre, in which it differs materially from the other three, and from which they are happily exempted—namely, that by a kind of original prescription, or *modus*, the managers refuse to admit of **HALF-PRICE**—this rule, however, seems to be founded in absolute necessity; and, as such, is no doubt admitted—for, were the managers to permit half-price customers, in the summer season, very few, if any, would relinquish their evening walk, for the allurements of the drama.

DIBDIN's evening amusement appears to be constantly well attended; and, it is really wonderful, to find in an individual, so great a complication of various powers, as that which he possesses: he is the **POET**—the **MUSICIAN**—the **TRAGEDIAN**—the **COMEDIAN**—the **MELODIST**, and the

the PANTOMIME of every exhibition; and goes through the whole with extraordinary adroitness and effect.

Notwithstanding this great versality, and, we may add, facility of genius, Dibdin was for many years struggling with the partialities of fortune, and often entangled among embarrassments, that required both constitution and philosophy to endure—it is, however, with pleasure we find him at last victorious; and we make no doubt, if he endeavours to restrain and correct in himself, a certain degree of vindictive litigation, which seems to contaminate his disposition, and which cannot fail of filling the purses of pettifoggers, at the expence of his own; we say, by such correction, he will, in a short time, arrive at that state of independence, which his merits entitle him to.

ASTLEY'S, or the Royal Grove, exhibits a species of entertainment, which cannot possibly fail of giving universal satisfaction—it is, indeed, altogether a scene of astonishment! and incomprehensibility!—The extraordinary agilities of the several equestrian and pedestrian performers—the rope-dancing, the tumbling, the vaulting, and the proofs of strength, which are here presented, shew to the amazed strangers, that the powers of human nature, exceed by far the utmost extent of what they had ever before conceived. But, this not all—the docility of inferior animals is more and more wonderful, for without exaggeration, or meaning to compliment the proprietor of this place, (who by the bye, as a liberal citizen, and a loyal subject, deserves praise) the instinctive animal, under his tuition,

tuition, are there taught to approach the superior and rational orders so near, as scarcely to admit of distinction.

SADLER'S WELLS, is an exceeding neat and agreeable theatre, of great variety, and of much resort. The PANTOMIMES there are always favourites of the town—and, no wonder, as they are constantly selections of the best parts of such as are sent by *unfortunate authors*, if one may so call them, for the *opinion* and *acceptance* of the manager. By a late appointment of an acting conductor, who is said to be an ingenious, and a liberal man, (Mr. Longdale) we hope, not only to see the adoption of much improvement, but, that of literary honesty also; and that the poor *pantomime managers*, of the present day, will have their *works* returned without plagiarism.

Having thus led the curious and inquisitive stranger through all the dramatic regions of the metropolis, it becomes necessary to make him, in some degree, acquainted with those favourite sons and daughters of the TRAGIC and the COMIC MUSES, whose abilities, more especially demand respect and admiration.

To THE Siddons of Drury-lane, as she is emphatically denominated, we must, in justice, give the palm of precedence—she possesses a fine Grecian figure, a countenance expressive and sublime, action that gives grace to eloquence, and cadence that sweetens the sweetest harmony of numbers. In all her personations she commands attention and wonder; but if the stranger in London would wish to see her, in her most impressive scenes, we

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recommend

recommend to him, her Lady Macbeth—her Isabella—her Mrs. Beverley—her Matilda—and her Mother of Coriolanus, in each of which, she displays such original and exquisite powers, as fill the soul with delight and wonder !

Mrs. Pope is every character she assumes, both tragic and comic, exhibits the most sovereign judgment—her figure is graceful and dignified—her action beautifully suited to her words, her words to her action—her articulation distinct and attractive, and her intonations full and melodious—with such attributes, she has, for many years, secured the reputation of a first rate brilliant actress, and, of course, the unequivocal praise of judicious criticism.

The town has lately been presented with a new and fascinating female performer, Miss Wallis, said to have been an elve of Lady Loughborough, and brought up to the profession, under that lady's patronage—upon this we can only remark, that the charming dramatic powers of the one, fully establish the judicious discernment of the other—Miss Wallis possesses all the tenderness, and at the same time all the energy of a finished actress—a lovely figure, a sweet expressive countenance, a soft melodious voice, and a series of action, which, in all its varieties gives pleasure.

Mrs. Merry, late Miss Brunton, claims also the just tribute of our applause ; she is, what may be truly called, a sweet and natural performer—her figure is recommended by gentleness, and her cast of character generally corresponds with that approveable quality.

Mr.

Mrs. Jordan, the unrivalled Thalia of the day, is so much, and so justly the theme of public eulogium, that every stranger must, at least, have heard of her astonishing abilities—she is expressly in comedy, what Mrs. SIDDONS is in tragedy; and the same unbounded professional praise bestowed upon the one, is equally due to the other.

Several other female performers belonging to each theatre, demand the stranger's peculiar attention; but the limits of our publication will not admit us to register the particulars of their merit—the stranger must therefore see, and, as we do, admire their respective merits.

Among the heroes of the Sock and Buskin, as a tragedian, Kemble of Old Drury, most certainly takes the lead. All his performances, in that line, are exquisite—but, like many other great men, he sometimes, steps into error, by stepping out of nature. His comic performances, however, critically just, bear no comparison with his tragic talents.

Pope and Holman, are both admirable supporters of the tragic muse, and in the higher walks, of what is called genteel comedy, do great justice to her laughing sister.

Lewis, so many years the first favourite of the town, retains in the highest degree, all those qualities by which he originally obtained his celebrity. In every walk of the drama, Lewis the stranger's approbation, but although tragedy often lures him to her service, he is certainly better calculated for the service of comedy.

Johnstone, the honest and respectable Hibernian, whose melodious voice, and good acting united, have so long and so justly recommended him, has lately discovered natural and unrivalled facility in delineating his countrymen, in their true and natural colourings. In the gentleman, he gives the true *vernacular* without injuring the character, and in the clown the broad brogue, without insulting the understanding. In short Johnstone is, in our opinion, by far the best performer of Irish characters, that ever trod the stage.

In Quick, Munden, young Bannister, Fawcett, Suett, &c. &c. &c. the stranger, in London, will be gratified in every thing that can be expected from inimitable ability, and should he be of a phlegmatic, or stoetical turn, we can assure him, ther comic powers will turn his humour and philosophy into laughter.

We come now to speak of the most fashionable, elegant, superb, and convenient place of public entertainment, we believe in Europe, and having thus pronounced it, the reader will not be at a loss to know, that we mean VAUXHALL GARDENS. A particular description of these beautiful gardens, in their present improved state, and the variety of charming circumstances which they produce, would exceed the boundaries of our work, and would indeed furnish the pen of a sublime and poetic genius with inexhaustible scenes of luxuriant fancy!

As you enter the great gate, you pay two shillings,

sings. The first scene that salutes the eye, is a noble gravel-walk nine hundred feet long, planted on each side with a row of stately elm and other trees, which form a fine vista, terminated by a landscape of the country, and a beautiful lawn of meadow ground, which so forcibly strikes the imagination, that a mind tinctured with any sensibility of order and grandeur, cannot but feel inexpressible pleasure in viewing it.

A few steps within the garden, we behold to the right a quadrangle or square, which, from the number of trees planted in it, is called the grove; in the middle of it is a magnificent orchestra of gothic construction. The whole edifice is of wood, painted white and bloom colour. The ornaments are plastic, a composition something like plaster of Paris, but only known to the ingenious architect, who designed and built this beautiful object of admiration.

In the front of a large timber building, which you approach with advantage from the middle of the great room, is a most interesting landscape which before dusk is drawn up, to exhibit a scene (called the Day Scene) of great magnitude; which was first introduced many years ago, and which, in one of the entertaining papers, entitled the World, was called, by misapprehension, the Tin Cascade. It was a very natural representation of a water-mill, with the miller's house, and a fine cascade, all illuminated by concealed lights. This illuminated scenery has since been varied to great advantage. It is the representation of a storm, in which the trees are furiously agitated, and the

thatch of a cottage blown down. A church, and a bridge of one arch, through which rolls a rapid stream, are the principle objects in this scene; and over this bridge pass sometimes a waggon and horses, and sometimes a party of soldiers, &c. This new scene, which is by Carver, has a very pleasing effect; but will probably give way to some new suggestion of prolific fancy. About half past nine o'clock the curtain is drawn up, and at the expiration of ten minutes let down again, and the company return to hear the remaining part of the concert. The last song was always a duet or trio, accompanied with a chorus. But catches and glees found their way into the orchestra about twelve years ago; and their novelty was attended with success. A glee and catch, in three and four parts, are performed in the middle, and at the end of the musical bill of fare, which always consists of sixteen pieces every night.

At a small distance (fronting the orchestra) is a large pavilion of the composite order, which particularly attracts the eye by its size, beauty, and ornaments. It was built for the late Prince of Wales; the ascent is by a double flight of stone steps decorated by balustrades. The front is supported by stately pillars, and the entablature finely ornamented in the Doric taste. In the ceiling are three little domes with gilt ornaments, from which descend three glass chandeliers. The whole has undergone considerable alterations and improvements.

Behind this pavillion is a very handsome drawing-room, built likewise for the late Prince of Wales.

The

The grove is beautifully illuminated in the evening, with above two thousand glass lamps, which glitter among the trees; in addition to which there are a considerable number of variegated lamps, interspersed among the trees, which appear exceedingly light and brilliant.

In cold or rainy weather, on account of sheltering the company, the musical performance is in a rotunda, where an elegant orchestra is erected. This rotunda, which is seventy feet in diameter, is on the left side of the entrance into the gardens, nearly opposite to the orchestra. Along the front, next the grove, is a colonnade, formed by a range of pillars, under which is the entrance from the grove. Within this room, on the left hand, is the orchestra, which is inclosed with a balustrade.—the front is supported by two pilasters, and two columns of the Ionic order, embellished with foliage from the base a considerable way upwards. On the sides of the orchestra are painted Corinthian pillars, and at its extremity is the organ. In the centre of the rotundo hangs a glass chandelier, under which, if the spectator looks around, he may see himself reflected on all sides, in sixteen square looking-glasses, ornamented at the top with festoons of artificial flowers.

The roof is so contrived, that sounds never vibrate under it; and thus the music is heard to the greatest advantage.

The rotundo is also enlarged by a saloon, which is so joined to the building, that the whole makes
but

but one edifice : a part of the rotundo, opposite the orchestra, is laid open for receiving this saloon ; and its entrance here is formed and decorated with columns, like those at the front of the orchestra already described. In the roof, which is arched and elliptic, are two little cupolas in a peculiar taste, and in the summit of each is a sky-light divided into ten compartments ; the frames in the Gothic style. Each cupola is adorned with paintings ; Apollo, Pan, and the Muses, are in one, and Neptune with the sea nymphs in the other ; both have entablatures, and something like a swelling sofa. Above each cupola is an arch divided into compartments ; from the centre of each, which is a rich Gothic frame, descends a large chandelier. Adjoining to the walls are ten three-quarter columns for the support of the roof.

Between these columns are four elegant frames and panels, with two lesser ones at the upper end, originally designed for portraits of the Royal Family ; but the death of the late Prince of Wales (who was the patron of these gardens) is supposed to have prevented their being executed, and for some time they remained unfilled. At length, in 1760, Mr. Hayman was employed to celebrate, with his masterly pencil, some of the most glorious transactions of the last war but one ; and, in 1761, the first picture was exhibited to view. It represents the surrender of Montreal, in Canada, to the British army, commanded by General, now Lord Amherst. On a commemorating stone, at one corner of the piece, is this inscription :

POWER

**POWER EXERTED,
CONQUEST OBTAINED,
MERCY SHEWN!**
MDCCLX.

The second represents Britannia, holding in her hand a medalion of his present Majesty, and sitting on the right-hand of Neptune, in his chariot drawn by sea-horses, who seem to partake in the triumph, for the defeat of the French fleet (represented on the back ground) by the late Lord Hawke (who condescended to sit to the painter) Nov. 10, 1759. The third represents the late Lord Clive receiving the homage of the Nabob; and the fourth, Britannia distributing laurels to Lord Granby, Lord Albemarle, Lord Townshend, and colonels Monkton, Coote, &c.

The entrance into this saloon, from the gardens, is through a Gothic portal, which is the best entrance, when the candles are lighted, for viewing the whole to advantage, the prospect being extensive and uninterrupted, abounding with variety on every side, and a gay and brilliant company adding a peculiar lustre to the grandeur of the place.

On each side of this entrance, on the inside, are the pictures of their Majesties, in their coronation robes.

The whole of this rotunda is illuminated by the patent lamps.

A few

A few seasons since, an additional room of a great length, has been added to the north of the rotunda, from whence is its principle entrance. The sides of which room are embellished with some beautiful rural views.

Having described those principle objects in the grove, which first attract the stranger's attention, we will now take a tour round it, and survey every thing that merits observation.

The grove is bounded by gravel walks, and a considerable number of pavilions or alcoves, ornamented with paintings, from the designs of Hayman and Hogarth; and each pavilion has a table in it, that will hold about six or eight persons. To give a description of these pavilions, and a list of the paintings in them, we must begin (for the sake of order) with our entrance into the garden. The first is on the left hand, under a gothic piazza, and colonade, formed by a range of pillars, which stretch along the front of the great room. Near twenty years ago, a covering or colonnade was put up in the walks round the orchestra, which forms a square. It is an admirable protection to the company, who are preserved from the effects of a perpendicular shower of rain. The sides are enriched with numberless lamps. The whole illuminations, at ten o'clock, remind the reader of the magic representations in the Arabian Nights Entertainments. As the present subject is poetical, we cannot avoid quoting a couple of lines from the English Ovid, with a slight alteration:

*The blazing glories, with a chearful ray,
Supply the sun, and counterfeit the day.*

The

The expence of this erection, which cost two thousand pounds, was defrayed by a *Ridotta* al Fresco, the second that ever was exhibited in these gardens. The painting in the pavilions are,

1. Two Mahometans gazing in astonishment at the many beauties of the place.
2. A shepherd playing on his pipe, and decoying a shepherdess into a wood.
3. New-river-head, at Islington, with a family going a walking, a cow-milking, and the horns archly fixed over the husband's head.
4. The game of quadrille, and the tea-equipage,
5. Music and singing.
6. Children building houses with cards.
7. A scene in the *Mock Doctor*.
8. An archer and a landscape.
9. The country dancers round the Maypole.
10. Thread my needle.
11. Flying the kite.
12. A story in *Pamela*, who reveals to Mr. B's house-keeper, her wishes of returning to her own home.
13. A scene in the *Devil to Pay*: the characters are Jobson, Nell, and the Conjuror.
14. Children playing at shuttlecock.
15. Hunting

15. Hunting the whistle.
16. Another story in Pamela, her flying from Lady Davers.
17. A scene in the Merry Wives of Windsor, where Sir John Falstaff is put into the buck-busket.
18. A sea engagement, between the Spaniards and African Moors.

Here the paintings end, but the pavilions continue in a sweep, which leads to a beautiful piazza and colonnade, five hundred feet in length, in the form of a semi-circle, of Gothic architecture, embellished with rays. The entablature consists of a carved frieze with battlements or embrasures over the cornice. In this semi-circle of pavilions, are three large ones, called temples; one in the middle, and the others at each end, adorned with a dome, a pediment, and a beautiful turret on the top; but the two latter are now converted into portals, one as an entrance into the great room, and the other as a passage to view Mr. Carver's scenes, which are directly opposite to each other: however, the middle temple is still a place for the reception of company, and is painted, in the Chinese taste, by Risquet, with the story representing Vulcan catching Mars and Venus in a net. This temple is adorned with wreathed columns and other Gothic ornaments. On each side of this temple, the adjoining pavilion is decorated with a painting; that on the right represent the entrance into Vauxhall, with a gentleman and lady coming to it, and that on left, Friendship on the grass, drinking.

Having

spectator, by a grand portico in the centre, and a marble statue underneath; but we shall begin where we left off, and describe these in their places. In the first pavilion is,

1. The taking of Porto Bello, in 1740.
2. Mademoiselle Catherina, the famous dwarf.
3. Ladies angling.
4. Bird-nesting.
5. The play at bob-cherry.
6. Falstaff's cowardice detected.
7. The bad family, with the parson coming in to make peace: the husband has the tongs ready lifted up to strike his wife, who is at his feet, supplicating mercy; and their three children are crying.
8. The good family: the husband is reading; the wife, with an infant in her arms, and the other children are listening; the rest are spinning, and the maid is washing the dishes.
9. The taking of the St. Joseph, a Spanish register ship, in 1742, by Captain Tucker, in the Fowey man of war.

Next is a semi-circle of pavilions, with a temple and dome at each, and the space in front decorated with trees. In the middle, on a pedestal, is a beautiful marble statue of Handel, in the character of Orpheus playing on his lyre, by Roubiliac. This was the first great display of that sculptor's abilities,

abilities, at least for the public eye, and was approved of by Mr. Pope. A very rare instance of a statue to living merit! It is not so large as life, though very like the original; for there was no block of marble large enough in England, at that time, for the purpose, as Pope somewhere expresses it, to

“ Hew off the marble, and draw out the man.”

But this statue is now placed in the additional room north of the rotundo.

The remainder of the paintings, in this range, are,

1. Bird-catching, by a decoy, with a whistle and net.
2. The play of see-saw.
3. The faïres dancing on the green by moonlight.
4. The milk-maid's garland, with its usual attendants.
5. The kifs stolen.

Here ends the boundary of the grove on this side; but turning on the left, we come to a walk that runs along the bottom of the gardens: on each side of this walk are pavilions, and those on the left-hand are decorated with the following paintings:

1. A northern chief, with his princess and her favourite swan, placed in a sledge, and drawn on the ice by a horse.

2. The play of hot-cockles.

3. An old gypsey telling fortunes by the coffee-cups.

4. The cutting of flour, a Christmas gambol, which is by placing a little ball at the top of a cone of flour, into which all are to cut with a knife, and whoever causes the ball to fall from the summit, must take it out with their teeth; which is represented in the painting.

5. The play of cricket.

On the opposite side is a row of pavilions, with Gothic railing in the front of them; and at the extremity of this walk, is another entrance into the gardens from the road. At the other end of the walk, adjoining to the Prince's pavilion, is a small semi-circle of pavilions, defended in front by a Gothic railing, and ornamented in the centre, and at each end, with Gothic temples: in both the latter are fine glass chandeliers and lamps; the former is ornamented in front with a portico, and the top with a Gothic tower and a handsome turret.

In all these pavilions the music is very distinctly heard, and from most of them are prospects of the noble vistas, and other agreeable objects.

Having finished our description of the grove, and
every

every part of its ornaments, we will now take a survey of the other parts of the gardens.

From the upper end of the walk last described, where we concluded the list of the painting we may see a long narrow vista, that runs to the top of the gardens: this is called the Druid's, or Lover's walk, and on both sides of it are rows of lofty trees, some of which, meeting at the top, and interchanging its boughs, forms a delightful verdant canopy. Among these trees build a number of fine singing birds, such as nightingales, blackbirds, thrushes, &c. whose sweet harmony adds a peculiar pleasure to this rural scene. The contiguous walk is an open one, and has one of the finest rows of high elm-trees that is to be met with, towards the coach-gate, as it is called.

Returning to the spot where once stood the statue of Handel, we may, by looking up the garden, behold a noble vista, which is called the grand south walk, of the same size of that seen at our first entrance, and running parallel with it. This vista is formed by lofty trees on each side, and was terminated by a large and fine painting of the ruins of Palmyra; but the ruins themselves decayed, and made way for a noble view of architecture, designed by Sandby, and painted by Mortimer. At night, a transparent scene is displayed, which was the performance of the same excellent painter. In the centre of the cross gravel walk is a superb temple, the largest of the kind in England, which was built by Mr. Smith of Knightbridge, in six weeks only. It was brought hither in three pieces, although the diameter is forty-four

feet, and the dome is supported by eight lofty pillars. It cost near nine hundred guineas. Every evening it is illuminated by a large chandelier in the centre, and festoons of variegated lamps round the bottom of the dome. On the right hand, this walk is terminated by the trees which shade the lover's walk; and, at the extremity, on the left, is a landscape painting of ruins and running water, which is reckoned a master-piece.

From our situation to view this painting is another gravel-walk that leads up the gardens, formed on the right side by a wilderness, and on the left by rural downs, as they are termed, in the form of a long square, fenced by a net, with several little eminences in it, after the manner of a Roman camp. The downs are covered with turf, and pleasingly interspersed with cypress, fir, yew, cedar, and tulip-trees. On one of the eminences is a statue of our great poet, Milton, nearly surrounded with bushes, and seated on a rock, in an attitude listening to soft music, as described by himself, in his *Il Penseroso*. It is now illuminated every night with lamps, and was cast in lead by Roubiliac. From this statue looking through the noble temple mentioned above, to the other extremity of the walk we see a beautiful statue of Apollo, which the illumination of the patent lamps exhibits to great advantage.

At the upper end of these downs is a gravel-walk, formed on each side by lofty trees. This walk runs across the gardens, and terminates them this way.

In this walk is a beautiful prospect of a fine meadow,

meadow (surrounded with park pales). This prospect is made by the trees being opposite the grand walk (which runs from the entrance into the gardens) and a haha is formed in the ditch to prevent the company going into the field.

The principle parts of all these charming walks, from the boundaries of wildernesses composed of trees, which shoot to a great height, and are all inclosed with an espalier, somewhat in the Chinese taste.

In a dark night the illuminations are very beautiful, and cannot fail to surprize and delight every susceptible spectator; but in a moon-light night, there is something more peculiarly pleasing, which so strongly affects the imagination, that it almost insinuates an idea of enchantment.

When the music is finished, great numbers of the company retire to the pavilions to supper, and some are attended with French horns and other music. To invite and detain their customers the longer, the proprietors have two bands of wind music, in small moveable orchestras. They are engaged at considerable expence, and are not permitted to take money, nor drink at the tables. A curious spectator may, at this time, enjoy a particular pleasure in walking round the grove, and surveying the brilliant guests. The multitude of groups varying in figure, age, dress, attitude, and the visible disparity of their humours, might form an excellent school of painting; and so many of our lovely countrywomen visit these blissful bowers, that were Zeuxis again to attempt the picture

picture of Venus, it is from hence, and not from Greece, that he would borrow his image of perfect beauty. Nothing is wanting that can contribute towards the convenience of this entertainment; every thing is served in the best manner, and with the greatest readiness.

About one hundred nights make the season of Vauxhall; and the average about one thousand persons a night is supposed to make a good season to the proprietors. On June 25, 1781, more than eleven thousand persons were in the gardens, owing to the permission of the late Duke of Cumberland, to notify his intention of supping in the gardens with his Duchess; and to its being the sailing-day for the cup on the Thames, an anniversary donation of his Royal Highness. This was the most memorable instance of past or present times, where so many people assembled and paid admission money, where the invitation and entertainment was music, and where seven thousand persons were accommodated with provisions and refreshment on so small a spot.

The present proprietors of this enchanting spot have spared no expence whatever, either to augment or to heighten its beauties. Besides the covered walks, all paved with a composition, instead of clinkers or gravel, almost all the pavilions and boxes have colonnades in front seven feet broad, which effectually shelters them from rain. Nor must a great improvement this season be forgotten, namely, a handsome waiting-room, thirty feet by twenty, near the coach entrance into the gardens.

The

The elegant and august gardens of RANELAGH are pleasantly situated in Chelsea, on the north bank of the river Thames, two miles west of London, and is in very high esteem by the nobility and gentry, well for its beauty and elegance, as for being the fashionable place of resort, in the spring and part of the summer evenings, of a great concourse of polite company.

The price of admittance is half-a-crown, which is paid to a proper person attending at the front of Ranelagh-house; then proceeding forward, you pass through the dwelling-house, and descending a flight of steps, enter the gardens: but in cold or rainy weather, the company turn on the left-hand, go through the house, and enter, by descending a flight of steps, a matted avenue or covered way, which leads to the rotundo: and the company thus avoid the least dirt, or wet, and may return to their coaches, by this passage, without having been once from under cover.

This structure was raised, and finished in the year 1740, for the reception of the public.

This circular building is a noble edifice, which, in some measure, resembles the Pantheon at Rome. The architecture of the inside nearly corresponds with that of the outside. The external diameter is one hundred and eighty-five feet, the internal one hundred and fifty. The entrances are by four porticos, opposite each other, which are of the Doric order, and the first story is rustic. Round the whole, on the outside, is an arcade, and over it a gallery, the stairs to which are at the porticos;

porticos; the company enter the upper boxes by a gallery, which is rendered safe by a balustrade, and over head is a slated covering, which projects from the body of the rotundo. The gallery and arcade go round the whole building, except where the porticos break the continuity. Over the gallery are the windows; and over them the roof, which is slated.

Although the outside is deservedly admired for its noble and curious construction, yet the inside is by far more esteemed for the magnificence and sublimity of its appearance.

The first and principle object that strikes the spectator is, what was formerly the grand orchestra, but is now called the fire-place, erected in the middle of the rotundo, reaching to the ceiling, and at the same time supporting the roof.

It is a grand, beautiful, regular, and complete structure, without the least incongruity in any of its parts. It appears, at first sight, like a large and splendid column, curiously and finely ornamented with paintings, carvings, and niches.

The circular pile is formed by eight triumphal arches, of the Doric order. The pillars, which form the eight triumphal arches, are the principle support of the grand and curious roof, which, for size and manner of construction, is not to be equalled in Europe. The astonishing genius of the architect is here concealed from our view by the ceiling; but it may easily be conceived, that such a roof could not be made and supported by any

any of the ordinary methods; and if the timber-works above were laid open to public view, they would strike every beholder with amazement.

The space on which this structure stands, is inclosed by a ballustrade; and in the centre of it is one of the most curious and admirable contrivances that ever the judgment of man could frame: it consists of an elegant fire-place, that cannot smoke or become offensive. In cold weather it renders the whole rotundo very warm and comfortable. The chimney has four faces, and by tins over each of them, which are taken off and put on at pleasure, the heat is either confined or permitted to exhale, as it is found most agreeable to the company; but the chief merit consists in having surmounted the many difficulties, and almost impossibilities, in erecting and fixing this fire place, which every architect, on the slightest examination, will instantly perceive. The faces are formed by four stone arches, and over each of them is an handsome stone pediment. The corners of the four faces are supported by eight pieces of cannon, with iron spikes driven into them, and filled up with lead, nothing else being found so secure, without offending the sight with cords; and even in the fixing of these for the support of the whole chimney, several ineffectual attempts were made before the present durable position was hit on. On the pediments, and in the space between each of them, are eight flower branches of small glass lamps, which, when lighted in the evening, look extremely brilliant, and have a very pleasing effect. Above the pediments are four elegant niches in wood, and over them is a dome, which

which terminates this inner structure. The chimney, which proceeds to the top of the rotundo, is of brick,

Let us now proceed to the other parts of this admired edifice, the best description of which will greatly fall short of its beauty and merit.

It has already been observed, that the orchestra fills up the place of one of the entrances: the band of music is numerous, and consists of a select number of the best performers, vocal and instrumental, accompanied with an organ. The concert begins about seven o'clock, and, after singing several songs, and playing several pieces of music, at proper intervals, the entertainment closes about ten o'clock.

Round the rotundo are fifty-two boxes for the accommodation of the company, with a table and cloth spread in each. In these the company are regaled, without any further expence, with tea or coffee. In each of these boxes is a droll painting, in the mimic masquerade or pantomime taste, and between each box hangs a bell-lamp with two candles in it. The boxes are divided from each other by wainscoting and pillars, the latter are in front, and being every one of main timbers, are part of the support of the roof: each pillar is cased and surmounted with termini of plaster of Paris, which appears beautiful and grand. Before these paintings were put up, the backs were all blinds, that could be taken down and put up at pleasure; but apprehensions arising, that many people might catch cold by others indiscretly moving them at
improper

improper times, it was resolved to put up paintings, and to fix them. These paintings were made for blinds to the windows, at the time of the famous masquerades; the figures, at that distance, looked very well, and seemed to be the size of real life; but now, being brought too near to our view, they look rather preposterous. At the back of each box is a pair of folding doors, which open into the gardens, and were designed for the convenience of going in and coming out of them, without being obliged to go to the grand entrances. Each of these boxes will commodiously hold seven or eight persons.

Over the boxes is a gallery fronted with a balustrade, and pillars painted in the resemblance of marble, which contains the like number of boxes, with lamp in the front of each; and at the back is a blind, that can be put up or taken down at pleasure, in order to render the boxes either airy or close, as is most agreeable to the company, and a pair of folding doors at the back of each, in the same manner as the lower ones.

It frequently happens, that there are not a sufficient number of boxes to contain all the company, who at intervals, choose to sit down; therefore, a number of benches are provided, covered with red baize, and placed occasionally in different parts of the rotundo.

The surface of the floor is plaister of Paris, over which is a mat, to prevent the company from catching cold by walking upon it; for this amusement, of walking round the rotundo, may be confi-

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ed

dered as one of the pleasures of the place : and, indeed, great numbers of both sexes take a particular delight in it ; it is, at once, exercise and entertainment, and in the company of a person we esteem, the pleasure is further heightened, and the beauties of the place, if no other subject occur, furnish ample topics for conversation. This mat answers another very useful purpose ; for if the company were to walk on boards, the noise made by their heels would be so great, that it would be impossible to hear any thing else ; but the mat being soft not a step is perceived, and thus the music is heard in every part of the rotundo, and conversation not interrupted by a disagreeable clangor. However, for the sake of balls, which are occasionally given here, when the entertainments are over, two spaces are left unmatted, from two of the porticoes opposite each other, to the fire-place in the centre.

Although these spaces break the continuity of the mat, they are nevertheless no eye-sore, because they are made from the two principal entrances, and seem, to those who know not the real cause, to have been purposely designed, as a distinguishing mark of those entrances.

The ceiling is painted in a kind of olive-colour, and round the extremity is a rainbow. From the ceiling descend twenty chandeliers, in two circles ; each chandelier is ornamented with a gilt crown, and the candles are contained in thirteen bell-lamps, by which means they cast a more brilliant light. Twelve chandeliers are in the external circle, six of which are larger than the others, and eight in the internal. When all these lamps are
lighted,

lighted, as they emit their rays equally through the whole fabric, it will naturally be imagined, that the sight must be very glorious; no words can express its grandeur; all parts shine with a resplendency, as if formed of the very substance of light: then doth the masterly disposition of the architect, the proportion of the parts, and the harmonious distinction of the several pieces, appear to the greatest advantage, the most minute part by this effulgence lying open to inspection. Every one, at first entering the rotundo, at this time, feels the same sensation, as at hearing, suddenly, a fine concert; architecture having the same effect on the eye, as music on the ear the mind is absorbed in ecstasy. The propriety and artful arrangement of the several objects are expressive of the intention of this edifice; and this, indeed, may be said of Ranelagh, that it is one of those public places of pleasure and entertainment, that for beauty, elegance, and grandeur, is not to be equalled in Europe.

The rotundo stands on higher ground than the gardens; it is surrounded, on the back part, by a gravel walk, which is lighted with lamps, and at the extremity of the eminence are planted shrubs and bushes. Here is a flight of steps, which descend to a beautiful octagon grass-plat, that is bounded by a gravel-walk, and shaded by elm and yew trees. Contiguous to this beautiful spot are several little serpentine walks: in the evening they are lighted with lamps, which glitter through the trees, and have a pleasing effect.

But the grand, and by some esteemed the finest
H 2 walk

walk in the whole gardens, is at the extremity on the left-hand, leading from the matted avenue, or covered way, at the south end of Ranelagh-house, to the bottom of the gardens. This gravel-walk is decorated on each side by a grass-plat, shaded with yew and elm trees, and lighted with twenty lamps, projecting from the latter. On an eminence at the bottom, is a circular temple dedicated to Pan, with the statue of one of his fawns at the top: it is flated and painted white, and the dome is supported by eight pillars.

On the right side of the gardens is a beautiful canal, which, in a warm evening, diffuses an agreeable coolness, and renders the garden still more pleasant.

At the lower end of the canal is a grotto, below which is a pipe that communicates with the river Thames, for the use of carrying off the foul water in the canal, and receiving fresh.

On each side of the canal are handsome gravel-walks, lighted with lamps, and shaded with trees and hedges, the latter of which are cut with the utmost exactness, and look extremely neat. The walk on the left side of the canal is lighted with twelve lamps: but on the right side are two walks; that next the water is lighted with ten lamps, and the other, which runs parrallel with it, with thirty-four: this latter walk is a very fine and spacious one; it is shaded on both sides with lofty trees, and from each is a pleasant prospect. On the right are the gardens of Chelsea Hospital, and on the left the canal and Ranelagh gardens.

At

At the bottom of this walk are twenty lamps, set in three triumphal arches, which extend from one side of the walk to the other, and in the evening make a most beautiful appearance. Here we meet the walk mentioned at the beginning that comes from the water, and by which the company enter the gardens.

Having described all the lower parts of the gardens, we will now proceed to give a description of the upper part, which lies between the rotundo and Ranelagh-house, and is what you first see at your entrance into the gardens.

The gardens here are perfectly open and airy, and in a fine evening are very pleasant: they are laid out in gravel-walks and grass-plats, some of them shaded by trees, which variegate the scene very agreeably. A delightful fragrance exhales from an inclosed spot near the centre, which has been converted into a flower-garden.

Although this scene is unadorned with any pompous assistance of art, or with the appearance of much cost and pains in the laying out, it is, nevertheless, deservedly admired for its plain, neat, and beautiful simplicity: the order is agreeable and perfectly rural; and the gentle breezes, unconfined, add their refreshing sweets, which make it delightful to walk in.

At the end, which goes down to the canal, is a handsome summer-house, fronted with a pediment, and supported by six columns: the appearance is pretty, and it is a very suitable ornament to the gardens.

H 3

Having

Having said so much, and given so many illustrations of facts, in aid of memory, we now take our leave, wishing that our readers, of both sexes, and of all conditions, may profit by our endeavours, and particularly, that THE STRANGER IN LONDON may avoid, by our pilotage, those dangers, evils, and inconveniences, to which we have directed our labour.

THE END.



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